

No. 590. — VOL. XXI.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1852.

[Two Numbers, 1s.

THE
MIDNIGHT WATCH AT WALMER CASTLE.

NOVEMBER 8, 1852.

I.
Most sad ! most beautiful ! the calm, clear stars
Shine on us, through the soundless deeps of Time:
The moaning sea strikes chafing on the bars
Of the restraining land ; its voice sublime
Making sonorous music evermore—
A wail, a chant, a requiem, on the shore.

II.
Around the lonely room, where sleeps in death
Britain's great hero—friend of human kind—
There are no sounds but Ocean's ;—save a breath,
Fitful and low, of the expiring wind ;
And at short intervals the measured beat,
Solemn and slow, of the night-watchers' feet.

III.
These sounds but mark the silence, as pale lights
In deep, wide darkness, show it darker still.
All silently, from out the heavenly heights,
The stars look down on human joy or ill ;
All beautifully the Night pursues her way,
And breathes her prayerful thoughts to coming Day.

IV.
How sad, but oh, how beautiful the scene !
'Tis Death that lends the music to the sea ;
'Tis that High Presence, solemn and serene,
Which robes all Nature with such sympathy ;
That gives the stars of heaven a voice to tell
Things felt, but never known—ineffable.

V.
We gaze and sigh, but here we cannot weep ;
'Tis Reverence and Religion, and meek Faith,

That fill us with emotion, pure and deep,
And waft our heavenward thoughts to Life from Death—
To Life Eternal : tears we may not shed,
We are alone with Nature and the dead.

VI.
The tears shall fall to-morrow, but not here.
Mid pomp and show, and blazonry and pride—
And slow funeral march, and gorgeous bier,
The sorrow shall have vent for him who died—
So great, so simple, and so calmly grand—
So like the staff and father of the land.

VII.
But, ah ! not here :—we can but breathe a prayer,
Awed by the spiritual beauty spread around .
The foremost man of all our time lies there ;
The tree has fallen, and sanctifies the ground.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, tears may flow ;
But Hope is with the stars, and chides our woe.



The Midnight Watch at Walmer Castle.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AS AN ORATOR.

THE deferential respect with which the Duke of Wellington was invariably listened to in the House of Lords, and the excitement (followed by conviction or acquiescence) that usually attended his speeches, attested to his possession of no ordinary powers and influence as a speaker. Yet, if the meaning conventionally attached to the word "orator" were applied to it in his case, he assuredly would not have been ranked among that higher class of debaters whom it is generally used to describe.

For, what is an "orator?" The mind naturally reverts for examples to the great men of antiquity—to Demosthenes, Cicero; or to those men in our own more immediate era who have maintained the prestige of British senatorial eloquence—to Grattan, Curran, Fox, Sheridan, Canning, and Brougham. Men of this stamp have in all ages existed, who have cultivated the graces and developed the strength of oratory, until it has been raised to the dignity of an art, whose cultivation successfully will ensure fame and honours to the student—fortunate if nature shall have aided him at the outset with those physical advantages which certainly conduce to eminence, although distinction has been successfully attained without them. These great artists in oratory have deeply studied the human character on its impressionable side; have carefully noted all the avenues to the soul through the ear, the eye, and the sympathies. Like the great tragic or comic actor, they have learned to seem most earnest and impassioned, when in truth their eloquent outbursts are more compounded of calculation than inspired or impulsive. Like great artists in painting or in sculpture, they have transmitted, from age to age, models of their own conceptions in the art they have studied, which have served as laws to their successors—laws, of which the soundness is attested by their almost invariable application, and the necessity which all young beginners feel of rendering them a voluntary, and, therefore, an impressive obedience. The speeches of such men, with the prepared exordium and peroration; with the skilful, almost scientific, arrangement of the facts; the artistic and artful introduction of reflections and appeals to the feelings; the relief afforded to dry argument by poetical or humorous illustration; and in their totality for their symmetry, and the proportion borne by the parts to each other, and to the whole: such speeches may be profitably made a subject of study even by those who do not propose to devote themselves to oratory as an art; and they afford the same combination of pleasure and instruction that arises from the contemplation of a fine picture, a beautiful statue, or a noble pile of architecture.

The Duke of Wellington, it is clear, could never be called an orator in this acceptance of the term; for he never devoted an hour to the study of the graces of public speaking, and, although he certainly did develop its strength, he did so unconsciously, without design, and solely in obedience to the native impulses of his own character. We must, therefore, seek other causes of the influence—the almost unparalleled influence—which he exercised during so many years over the House of Peers, and, through that House, on the House of Commons, and the public at large. Men who have performed great military and civil services, others who, even as orators, have reigned supreme, while still in the rank of Commons, have, on being raised to the Upper House of Parliament, failed to command a tithe of the respect paid to the Duke of Wellington in his capacity of public speaker on political affairs; so that we must not be led into attributing his eminence solely to his past services, and the great reputation he held by reason of them.

Yet that reputation was at the root of his influence as a speaker. Conceive the position of a man, who on first taking his seat in the House of Peers, had all his patents of nobility read, one after the other, from that of simple Baron up to that of Duke! Such an accumulation of honours was the outward and visible sign, the living voucher, of his great achievements—a kind of testimony calculated to produce an impression on minds imbued more fully than those of commons with the vast importance of titular distinctions. Nor, in our estimate of the course of the Duke's influence as a speaker, must we despise this unken concrete at its base; for assuredly, throughout the rest of his political life, the memory of that grand and brilliant scene pressed on the minds even of his opponents, not as a formal display, but as a symbol of more solid, true, and lasting sources of greatness. As we go forward, we shall find that a great portion of the Duke's influence as an orator was moral; that if his speeches were rough hewn from the block of his sagacity and experience, his auditors forgot their roughness and unpolished aspect in their deep sense of the value of the quarry.

But we must go a little farther back, ere we begin to talk of peerages and speeches in the House of Peers. The eye strains itself with gazing through a vista of nearly sixty years, crowded with great deeds and great events, in order to obtain a dim glimpse of the young subaltern officer, who sat in the old Irish House of Commons before the union, as member for the borough of Trim. A hard, silent, undistinguished, uncommunicative personage was that spare young man with the unexpressive physiognomy, who spoke but seldom, and was thought to be little more than an incarnate Tory vote. "His address," says Sir Jonah Barrington, "was unpolished; he spoke occasionally, and never with success; and he evinced no promise of that unparalleled celebrity which he attained afterwards." What was going on in his mind, no one can do more than guess; but we may suppose that he was a close observer, because we find that in so short time after he proved himself thoroughly conversant with the state of his country; and that, although a little too Tory for the Catholics of those days, he was on many points much more liberal than those who subsequently became his official superiors. Fortunately, a slight record has been preserved of his demeanour at this period, which is interesting from its exactly tallying with our late knowledge—some necessary allowance being made for increased age, maturity, and authority. A gentleman, now deceased who had constant opportunities of observing the young "Arthur Wesley" in the House of Commons, spoke of him, to the writer, as having at that time, when he addressed the House, given utterance, in the same plain, honest, unpolished way, to his opinions—disdaining all oratorical art, yet impressing his words with a natural emphasis derived from conviction—that some thirty years after rendered him one of the most unique and original speakers in the House of Lords. Now this reminiscence is interesting, as helping to show that the organisation of this remarkable man's mind was complete from the first—that he had little or no crudity or youthful heat to get rid of ere entering on his duties; so that his contemporaries found in his nobly useful natural qualities an unmixt gain.

In many men who have become great in after life, we have to deplore youth spent in perpetrating and retrieving mental follies; so that impaired intellectual powers have to a certain extent detracted from the value of experience and knowledge. But such as the Duke of Wellington was at last he was at first—sound, observant, unexcitable—always keeping himself, by regular drill and exercise, fit for action at a moment's notice; so that he brought on the larger scene of his career a full masculine vigour.

As a member of the House of Commons, after the Union, and as Sir Arthur Wellesley, the Duke very seldom spoke, and then only on subjects connected with his duties as Secretary for Ireland; but, in the little that he did say, there was the pregnancy, the fullness of information, the clearness of vision, and the decision of judgment, that are to be found in his later speeches. It is remarkable that at all periods of his career (and the remark applies to his despatches as well as to his speeches), his opinions were expressed with a positiveness and self-

reliance not often found in subordinates. In whatever position he might be placed, whether as a home administrator, an Indian civil governor, or a diplomatist, he thoroughly comprehended all that related to his sphere of action, and pronounced upon what was going forward with the confidence of absolute and intimate knowledge. This evidence of a mind matured in its organisation even in youth, is to be found, also, in his speeches, during the period we refer to, when, as Sir Arthur Wellesley, and ere he went to the Peninsula, he had occasion to address the House of Commons on subjects connected with the duties of his post as Irish Secretary. It is remarkable, that although his contemporaries were still very far from supposing the kind of man they had among them, they had become mysteriously impressed with a sense of his sterling value and trustworthiness—a feeling which existed in the House of Commons at the time to which we refer to an extent far exceeding any actual claims the young soldier-statesman yet had on their confidence or admiration.

Still, between these, his early Parliamentary essays, and his subsequent influence, almost amounting to a dictatorship, over public opinion, there was a long interval. As a mere civilian, with his past Indian reputation, he would always have commanded a respectable position; but there was nothing in his Parliamentary efforts to have procured for him fame. We must look, therefore, to extrinsic and external causes for the extraordinary ascendancy he afterwards obtained—not only for his reputation as a soldier, not from his position as a minister, but on his merits as a sound, clear, and well-informed speaker on great political topics, and from his singular moral influence.

It is impossible, however, to separate the Parliamentary speaking of the Duke from this moral influence, because they reacted on each other. For many years after he entered the House of Lords, neither himself nor those around him were aware of the vast amount of practical sagacity he could bring to bear on a given question. When about to fight the Waterloo campaign, what he most desired was his Peninsular veterans, most of whom had been sent to the American war; but he could not recover them. Not so with his experience of men and measures gained on the same scene. Those veterans were always at command; always fit for service, with their past honours thick upon them. Wisely, he abstained from much speaking; partly, perhaps, from a modesty of nature accompanying true greatness, and which renders it always doubtful of its own capacity; partly because the state of affairs did not call for his direct interference as a man of prompt and decisive measures, whether in council or in action. When he did speak, his friends mistook his abruptness, his terseness, his positiveness, for the mere habits of the soldier transferred to the senate; and, beyond the prestige they derived from the support of a man towards whom the nation felt so grateful, they did not attach much importance to his opinions. They did not know or reflect that these peculiarities were a part of the nature of the man, a consequence of his plain, deep, logical morality, and of his singularly clear perception and vigorous understanding. They forgot, or they had never had the opportunity of observing, that he had always exhibited the same general characteristics as a speaker, even while yet a young man, reconnoitring the ground of political action, observing the conditions of success in the world, and graduating in the difficult science of politics. Nor had they yet the opportunity of knowing that in his Despatches there were still more striking and impressive indications of this Spartan mind. That the Duke of Wellington felt very deeply the painful condition in which this country was placed during several years after the peace, there can be no doubt; because we have it on record that his feelings as a loyal citizen and an observer of order were outraged by the riotous conduct of the mob; but there is good reason, also, to believe that he was aware of the causes of those outrages—knew that they were not, as some twenty years before, the expression of speculative opinions of a revolutionary tendency, but the irrepressible complaints of the industrious masses, groaning under the effects of a sudden change of system. We can thus understand how, while, as a soldier, and a lover of subordination, he would not shrink from the responsibility of repressive measures; on the other hand, he would abstain from that more active support which indicates an earnest co-operation. Yet there were occasions, even at this period, when the Duke of Wellington's speeches sufficiently showed that it was not from inability or apathy, that he did not take a more active part in political affairs. His most lucid, practical, and energetic speech on the Currency question; his humane, sensible, and statesman-like speeches on the Catholic question, wherein he decried the purely religious views of the subject, and adhered to the great principle that its difficulties were political: these were, in their way, masterly examples of that dignified and logical eloquence which results from a calm spirit and a clear mind, and a vision undisturbed by prejudice.

When, at last, circumstances forced the Duke of Wellington into greater prominence as a debater, the contrast he presented to those around him did not escape attention. A Spartan defending himself and his country against Athenian orators, could not have developed a more strongly marked idiosyncrasy, or a more signal difference of nature, thought, principles, and language. On his own side of the question, there were few men of oratorical power; but, in the Whig ranks, there were Earl Grey, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and others, who sustained the school of formal oratory, and excelled in that art of speaking, which the Duke never had practised, and never could. Mistaken at first "for a plain blunt soldier, and no more," it was not supposed that he could sustain himself against the antagonists arrayed against him, in those displays of dialectics wherein our legislators delight to recreate themselves. The result belied these expectations. The Duke, like another great conqueror of old, settled the affair by cutting the knot; like the best of our diplomatists of the old school, he carried the day against the most refined art and intrigue, by simply saying his say, and meaning what he said. He was so honest and terse, that he left no room for argument. He discomfited his antagonists by a charge that left no room for logical or oratorical tactics—as Napoleon, in his younger days, used to scatter the generals of the old school, and confound all their elaborate manœuvres.

His parliamentary resembled his military tactics. The same spirit pervaded both. His mind was subjected to the same organisation and discipline that had rendered his Peninsular army so invincible. Everything, there, was in its proper place. The prevailing principle was the necessity for discipline, subordination. He never, as a public man, thought or did anything that was irregular, premature, or unaffiliated to the necessity of the time. His political code was as simple as his military regulations. A few fixed conclusions served him with principles of action. His experiences were all stored, arranged, put into cantonments, as it were, and ready at an hour's notice. If he spoke on a subject, it was a moral necessity with him only to say what was indispensable, and only to bring forward views or facts that were argument-proof. For him to be contradicted on a question of fact was so rare an occurrence, that it might almost have been predicted as impossible. Yet this was not because he transcended other statesmen in a love of truth, but because his habits of mind forbade his accepting any class of facts but those which were absolutely fit for service. The beautiful arrangement and subordination of his political materials was a subject of admiration with even his opponents. He used them with the precision and science of modern gunnery; his great object being never to waste a shot, but always to hit his mark. For a long time decried as a mere Tory dogmatist, he confounded his detractors by the intimate and extensive knowledge he displayed on subjects the most foreign to his

former pursuits. This was eminently shown in his speeches on the Currency question, which were full of facts and data, ably collated, and all bearing directly on the subject. He spoke with a kind of rude natural logic, which, if it did not quite serve to convince logicians, at all events produced its effect on antagonists in the House of Lords. A short speech of the Duke in 1828, on the proposal for a Poor-law in Ireland, furnishes us with an instance of the readiness with which he could turn the flank of an adversary's argument. He was famous in the House, and latterly with the public, for this sledge-hammer style of "coming down" upon an opponent, and cutting to pieces all the finesses of a "case." He had an eagle eye for a fallacy, and would expose it ruthlessly; yet the chances were that the whole argument on which he rested proceeded upon the omission of some general and philosophic view of the subject in debate, which, if attended to, would have encircled his smaller reasoning, and neutralised its force. The following passage from the speech just referred to illustrates to a certain extent these remarks:—

I am thoroughly convinced (he observed) that no part of his Majesty's dominions so imperiously requires the constant and particular attention of his Majesty's servants as Ireland does. A noble Earl has stated that in Ireland there are 8,000,000 of people, the situation of 6,000,000 of whom demands inquiry. He has told your Lordships likewise that all the wealth of Ireland is not sufficient to give employment to those people. Now, certainly, I cannot but think this is an exaggerated statement on the part of the noble Earl. It cannot be supposed that there are 6,000,000 of the Irish population who require employment—I cannot admit that the whole of those people are unemployed. It is not true that they suffer this distress at all times, it is not true that they suffer the same degree of distress in different years; but it is unquestionably true that they do suffer great distress at various periods, owing to the casualties of the seasons, and to the particular species of food on which they subsist. Such is the plain fact. The noble Earl has stated that the people are able to procure that sort of food on which they chiefly live, at the rate of three farthings a stone. Now, really, if those people do not suffer distress except that which is occasioned by the untowardness of the seasons; if those 6,000,000 of people can get provisions at the price mentioned by the noble Earl, it does appear to me that the case hardly calls for inquiry, except at a time when their food has failed, in consequence of an unpropitious season. But, then, the noble Earl has asserted that the distress arises from want of work, and that it would take more than all the wealth of Ireland to procure employment for the people. "Let us, then," said the noble Earl, "relieve the sick, the lame, the aged, and the impotent." The noble Earl has said that one of the great evils of Ireland is want of capital; but I must beg leave to tell the noble Earl that profusion of capital alone will not prevent the existence of a numerous body of poor; and, to prove the fact, let the noble Earl look to the situation of England. There is no want of capital in this country; the noble Earl has told you that there are invested here £9,000,000 of capital belonging to Ireland alone; and yet, with all this capital, the support of the poor required last year amounted to no less than £7,000,000 of rates."

"His Majesty's servants!" "His Majesty's dominions!" In the use of these old phrases—now almost expunged from conventional political language—the Duke was always very scrupulous. Nor, in reference to the foregoing extract, and our previous remarks, will the reader have failed to perceive the simple process by which the speaker overturned the case of his antagonist. Because, with a looseness of expression, it had been given forth that six out of eight millions of people were unemployed, he flatly denies the monstrous assumption. Because the antagonist admits that potatoes can be bought at three farthings the stone, in ordinary seasons, therefore there is no case for a Poor-law, or even an inquiry, except on a failure of the crop. Because there are so many poor in England, where there is so much capital, therefore the pauperism of Ireland is not to be attributed to the want of capital. Such is the substance of this argument; and, so long as the speaker could continue to grapple with such arguments, not one word would be said on the abstract question of a Poor-law, or anticipation of such an evil as a bad season, or of the horror and disgrace of such a normal state of society. This was almost invariably the Duke's mode of dealing with such questions. The vulgar saying that "he never looked beyond his nose" would in a sense apply to his Parliamentary speaking; except that his non-perception did not arise from inability to see when the occasion arose, but from a systematic resolve only to deal with the realities before him, to answer the actual arguments put forth on the opposite side. The same habit pervaded his larger policy. Here is another passage taken at random from a speech made in 1829, which illustrates the plain, downright, home-thrust style of argument of which we speak. The Duke is meeting, beforehand, objections to the forthcoming bill:—

A noble friend of mine (he said) has stated to the House that the proposed measure is inconsistent with the constitution as established at the Revolution, and another noble Lord has concurred in that statement. If I had been going to propose a measure which would introduce a predominant Catholic power into Parliament, I should then be doing that which is clearly inconsistent with the constitution. But I am not going to do any such thing. There are degrees of power at least. Does any man venture to say that Catholic power does not exist at present either here or in Ireland? I will address myself more particularly to the noble Lords who have so pointedly opposed me; and I will ask them whether Roman Catholic power was not introduced into Ireland by measures of their own? Did not some noble Lords exert their influence to the utmost to produce that very power which has rendered a measure like that which I have announced to Parliament absolutely necessary? As such is the case, I implore noble Lords to look at the situation of the country, and the state of society which it has produced. Whether it has been brought about by the existence of these disabilities, or by the Catholic Association, I will not pretend to say; but this I will say, that no man who has looked at the state of things for the last two years, can proceed longer upon the old system, in the existing condition of Ireland, and of men's opinions on the subject, both in that country and in this. My opinion is, that it is the wish of the majority of the people that this question should be settled one way or other. It is on that principle, and in conformity to that wish, that I and my colleagues have undertaken to bring the adjustment of it under the consideration of Parliament.

Here there is certainly nothing of the grace and adornment of oratory; but there is, undoubtedly, a vigorous simplicity of exposition that does the work quite as well, if not much better. The practical view of the case is here put in a nutshell, evidently with the conviction that any other is quite unnecessary. "What is, is," "What must be, must," that is the sum of the whole; and it answered the purpose much better than the most elaborate defence of a nominal inconsistency. One more passage from a speech at the same time gives an equally practical and every-day reason for the great political resolve of 1829. In reply to Lord Longford, he said:—

I have repeatedly declared my earnest wish to see the Roman Catholic question settled. I believe that nothing could ever have been more distinct or explicit than my expression of that wish; and is it a matter of surprise that the person entertaining it should avail himself of the first opportunity of proposing the adoption of that which, over and over again, he declared himself anxiously to wish? On this particular question I had long made up my mind, as a member of this House, to take a particular course. It may be thought peculiar, as a matter of taste; but for many years I have acted upon the determination never to vote for the affirmation of this question until the Government, acting as a Government, should propose it to the Legislature. My noble relation knows, that ever since the year 1810, the several successive Governments of this country have been formed on a principle which prevented their ever proposing, as a Government, the adoption of any measure of relief in regard to the Catholics. In order to the formation of a Cabinet, which, acting as a Government, could propose this measure, it was, in the first place, necessary to obtain the consent of that individual the most interested, by his station, his duty, and the most sacred of all obligations, of any individual in the empire. It was necessary, I say, that I should obtain the consent of that individual, before the members of the Government could consider the question as a Government one. Now, under such circumstances as these, would it have been proper in me to have breathed a syllable on the subject until I had obtained the consent of the illustrious personage to whom I have alluded? (Lord Longford had charged the Duke with having kept the intentions of the Government a secret.) I call upon my noble relative to answer this question, if he can, in the negative. I beg my noble relative to ask himself this question, whether I was wrong in having kept secret my views, since the month of July or August; not talking to any man on the subject until I had the consent of that exalted personage to form a Government upon the principle of taking the question to which I have alluded into consideration. My noble relative ought to place himself in my situation; he ought to see what was expected of me; and then, instead of blaming me for having acted as I have done, he would see that, if I had acted otherwise, I should have been highly blameable. When the question had been decided—when I received the permission, so as to be enabled to make the declaration (on not having made which alone the accusation of surprise can be founded), the opening of the session was so near that it was impossible to make known what had occurred earlier, or in any other manner than by the Speech from the Throne.

It was during his Premiership and the Reform struggle that the latent powers of the Duke as a speaker were in the most striking manner developed. Until within a very short time previously he had but rarely taken part in the debates of Parliament; but now, suddenly called upon to act, he seemed to feel his strength. His whole conduct at this time was strikingly characteristic; and, as the "oratory" of the Duke was never a thing to be studied, apart from his position and peculiarities, we may here glance at the circumstances. Scarcely a year before he took office,

he had, on being taunted with an aspiration in that direction, exclaimed, with even more than his usual vehement emphasis, to the assembled Peers, that "he should be mad to think of such a thing." When afterwards called on by the Crown, it was the instinct of military duty that caused him to obey, and accept a post for which, perhaps, he was not fitted. All his speeches, all his acts, whether in Parliament or in his official capacity, breathed the same military spirit. The King was his Master, and the principles of the Constitution formed his Law. He obeyed them himself, and he expected every one else to do the same with the like ready cheerfulness. In the same spirit was his defence of himself from the charge of inconsistency in 1831, when, at a moment's notice, he undertook to head a "moderate Reform" Administration, although but a few days before he had been one of the fiercest opponents of the new scheme. "If I had refused," said he, "to assist his Majesty, because I had hitherto been opposed to Reform, I could not have shown my face in the streets, for shame of having deserted my Sovereign in circumstances so painful and alarming." His obedience to the authorities he recognised, was not in act merely, but in thought, and in his habit of thinking. Instinctively, and without knowing it, he resembled Bonaparte, in his aversion to ideologists. The Duke of Wellington never philosophised—that is to say, in the sense of abstract speculation: although his whole life was a practical example of philosophy. He had his political lines of Torres Vedras—sufficient for him as defence, until the moment when assault was justifiable and practicable; and then no one so dashing or so daring as he. In all his political speeches of any importance, he stands on the defensive. He put a kind of practical "*cui bono?*" to every new proposition. When asked to change, his answer was "the reason why?" Things have gone on very well hitherto with the old; what need, then, for the new? Why throw away a chance? Why risk your position for manoeuvres, however great or skilful, when you are secure behind your intrenchments of experience and practice? This style of argument was very different from that of a bigoted Tory of the old school; for the Duke was not, like them, unable to see any but the threatening side of any new measure; he adopted his defensive system because it accorded with his old habits, and a brilliant career had proved their value. Statesmen no more than generals should leave temptations to chance or fortune. Hence the dogmatic positiveness of the Duke's refusal to join in measures of speculative change, so long as it was possible to hold out with the old state of things. It was not self-reliance, or obstinacy, but faith in his system. How suddenly and ably he could abandon the defensive and act on the bolder tactics, his conduct on the Test Acts best proves: and how little his mind was really constructed in the sense in which a bigot's is, is attested by his excellent, in some respects his noble speech, in proposing the repeal of those acts. That, and his speech on moving Catholic Emancipation, effected as complete a change in men's opinions on his political character and worth, as his brilliant campaign against Massena had done in the carping antagonism of those who saw in his earlier tactics in the Peninsula only timidity and inaction.

At this time his nature was thoroughly aroused. It was one of his rules always to do everything as well as he could. He had proclaimed himself unfit for office; but, being there, he strove as hard as he could to falsify his own opinion. His speeches partook of this feeling. He was more energetic, more positive, more dogmatic, more excitable than ever he had been before. A new life appeared to have been breathed into him. Conscious that in the Test Acts Repeal and Catholic Emancipation he was playing a great part, he rose with the occasion; and, if we dismiss from our idea of eloquence those ornate accessories which have become associated with it, then was the Duke eloquent, because he worked most powerfully on men's reason and feelings.

It was the startling contrast between his past and his present that made the Peers and the public more ready to accept his somewhat military and dictatorial style. The former felt towards him an ineradicable respect; the latter did not object to his martinet style of dealing with his subordinates, so long as he did not oppose their own wishes—rather, so long as he was constituting himself the agent of great legislative changes. His popularity at this period of his parliamentary career was of a totally different kind from that he attained to fifteen or twenty years later. Then in full masculine vigour, he was looked upon as a combatant whose moral weight made him a Hercules; later, he had ceased to agitate the political feelings of men, who regarded him as an aged Ulysses, fit to be the Mentor of a nation.

More startling still was the vigour and earnestness he displayed in combating against the Reform Bill. This time his military style of defending his position was against the wishes of the public, and he, of course, lost his popularity. What they had laughed at when applied to Mr. Huskisson and the ideologists, enraged them when applied to themselves. But all that made no difference to the Duke: he talked in the old style, but with renewed energy and more passion than people had given him credit for. His short speech against Reform, and in defence of the old constitution of the House of Commons, was one of the most nervous, massive, terse, heavy-shot he ever delivered. What need was there of a new House when the old one had just struck off the fetters of the Dissenters and Catholics? Give him his old troops—his veterans—and he would do the work: he wanted no popular aid, no popular enthusiasm, no popular interference. If ever his heart was in anything purely political, it was in this struggle. He forgot even his constitutional caution, in his anxiety to give utterance to his apprehensions and convictions. He had always rested on the past and the present, and disdained to think of the future. He had never believed in promises or warnings, but always in himself and his own countable resources. Yet now he, the unbelieving except in the actual, took to prophesying. He promised the country nothing but ruin from the Bill. "He had been forty-five years in the service of the Crown—thirty of these in situations of trust and confidence—in command of armies, in embassies, and in councils," and—what? "His experience told him, from the passing of that Bill would be dated the downfall of the constitution." The Duke of Wellington, who never obtruded himself or his services on the public notice, must have been sorely enraged thus to appeal to both, and use them to ballast his opinion! Again, he prophesied, that the union with Ireland could not be maintained under the Reform Bill—that the Established Church would be sacrificed—that the House of Commons would in future be "a fierce democracy," and much more of the same earnest and impatient exhibition of strong opinion and feeling. While the Reform contest continued the Duke of Wellington appeared a changed man, so deep was his sense of the danger incurred, and of the inadequacy of his means of defence. For, after his first manly (though incautious) declaration against all Reform, his views very soon became changed as to the state of the popular mind. Still, like a skilful general he prepared to do his duty, and to make the most of the means of defence the constitution placed in his hands. And, also, like a skilful general, when he found that "the game was up," when he saw there was no medium between embracing Reform and the views of his party, he, as we have already said, resolved to "stand by the Sovereign," and even went the length of counselling the peers to the compromise he had himself denounced only a week before; the compromise by which the House of Lords permitted the bill to pass. And why did those peers submit to the "dragooning," as Mr. Disraeli described it, of the Duke? In the first place, to them it did not seem to be "dragooning": if it had, it is a question whether they would not still have submitted to it, from the Duke. But they never saw it in any other light than that afforded by the feeling that made them call him "the illustrious." It was a habit of mind rather than an obtrusion of superiority. They knew, too, that in duty to superiors, and obedience to the law, there was not a more humble man than the Duke of Wellington; and, like the rest of mankind, they submitted cheerfully to a little seeming dictation from one who himself bowed to a higher authority. It was in truth only "seeming," in manner more than intention; but, if it had been what it seemed, it would have ceased to be offensive from the moment it was acquiesced in. For the Duke of Wellington spoke, in their eyes, with such an immense weight of authority, with Fame ever hovering over him, and History by to attest his right to speak—that any other than a submissive attitude would almost have seemed out of place, while deference conferred more honour on those who paid it than on those who received it. We are speaking now of the more active and excited period of the Duke's political life, when this extraordinary demeanour of the majority of the Peers was still more significant, from his having so recently offended their religious prejudices. The abruptness and the authoritative tone of some of his speeches, his perfect indifference to all propitiatory arts, the coolness with which he confined himself to the simple expression of his opinions, as if it were unnecessary to explain the process by which they had been arrived at; all these peculiarities, which in another man would almost have been offensive, did, in him, only seem the natural consequence of his age, position, and high authority.

The strong feature of the Duke's oratory was its intense realism. He elevated the practical to the rank of the philosophical. He never dabbled with a subject to display himself, but always treated it for its own sake. Choice would have kept him from party strife, but necessity compelled. He had saved the country as a warrior, and it was well known that he possessed administrative capacity in an extraordinary degree. He was, therefore, drawn from his chosen retirement, in order to take part in public affairs. He took them up to do good, according to his

lights and powers, not in the spirit which animates ordinary political disputants. He was of a party, of course; but that party was liable, on occasion of danger, to become a mere contingent in the forces of the whole nation. It might be said of the Duke, as an orator, that he had not a particle of vanity. He spoke because his position in the country called for an expression of his sentiments; not because he liked applause, or felt a pride in seeing his advice taken. His sole object was the public good—not a theoretical, speculative, abstract good, but the tangible and the attainable. He happened to think that a reliance on the past was for the public good, and therefore he ranked with Tories: he had what now appear to be antiquated notions of the share the Crown and the aristocracy ought to take in public affairs; but still he tested these notions by the great principle of his life—the public good. It was because he was known to think thus that he spoke with such authority. He never spoke, too, except when it was necessary—another source of the singular and almost oracular influence he wielded. He never went through the process of reasoning in public; he had done all that before he began to open his lips; so that his thoughts took the shape of axioms, maxims, ascertained principles, fixed conclusions. His habit of making expediency his rule in political affairs helped to save him from the necessity of reasoning; he thus had only to act when the time for action came, and his words embodied not suggestion but resolves. To this was owing the pithiness and lucidity that rendered his speeches so unique, and the lofty wisdom that on great occasions made them so grand. The total absence of all display or desire for display lent them an additional influence. The Duke, as he only spoke because he felt obliged to do so, never said more than was necessary. Sometimes he would repeat the same idea twice, and even thrice, in the course of a speech; but that was because he felt the importance of impressing it deeply on the public mind, and he did it for the sake of emphasis. The consciousness that he was only propounding what he believed to be the true and the right, led him to avoid all circumlocution, all the arts by which orators seek to render their orations captivating. It has been written of him, that "self reliance and singleness of purpose induced in him vigour of thought and simplicity of diction. This simplicity, which was not confined to the language only, but extended to the operations of the mind, was unique. You met nothing like it in any other man prominently before the public. There was a vigorous economy of both thoughts and words. As a speaker, and as a general, the Duke equally disencumbered himself of unnecessary agents. He was as little fond of rhetorical flourishes as he was of useless troops. Every word did its work. Simple, sound, sterling Saxon, he seemed to choose by instinct; as hitting hardest with the least show." While he was out of favour with the public, these peculiarities were set down as the outward signs of a tyrannical and dictatorial spirit; but, as he grew older, even the "common people" (as they are termed) learned to know his true value, and to smile at an abruptness and positiveness, the moral of which they did not always comprehend, but which they admired for its self-possession and "pluck." A writer who seems to have studied the Duke well, thus describes his manner of speaking:—"It is an intellectual treat of the highest order to see the Duke of Wellington's demeanour in the House of Lords. It is essentially different from that of any other man there. He is almost the only unfettered man in the House. Others are fettered by obstacles which they create for themselves, in various ways, by the too eager pursuit of personal or party objects. But the Duke of Wellington's high reputation and standing place him above all such considerations. He can afford to speak the truth, and he does speak it on all occasions fearlessly. While other speakers, on either side of the House, have been wasting their powers in fruitless eloquence (mere personal display), or in perverting the truth, for the purpose either of unfair attack or unfair defence, the Duke of Wellington has appeared to be paying not the slightest attention to the proceedings. He has sat, absorbed in thought, or at least in seeming indifference. You would almost suppose that, overcome by fatigue or indisposition, he was sleeping, so perfectly motionless and silent is he, reclining, with folded arms, his legs stretched out to their full length, and his hat over his brow. The question has been discussed, argued, and disputed upon for hours. No result seems to have been come to, and you are as ignorant of the object and scope of the measure as when the debate began; nor have you any clear idea what will become of the bill. At length the Duke of Wellington rises, advances abruptly to the table, wraps the tails of his coat, like a dressing-gown, over his legs, and plunges at once in *medias res*. There is an undivided attention when he speaks; indeed, it is sometimes absolutely necessary, for, when indisposed, he is often with difficulty heard, even by those near to him; as, indeed, he himself hears with difficulty, from being deaf on one side. But in a moment you see that his mind is as vigorous as ever. His keen intelligence pierces at once to the very core of the subject; no fallacy can blind or deceive the Duke of Wellington. He knows why the measure was introduced, what it is, what it will do, and what will become of it. He grapples with it in the spirit of a statesman. He is the guardian of the interests of the nation; he is the Parliamentary trustee of the people; he is bound to look to their interests, as a whole: for by the people he understands—not those who bawl loudest about their rights, but those, also, who trust the maintenance of their privileges and their interests to Parliament, in silent faith. He never forgets the *salus populi*. On the other hand, the clap-trap maxims of Liberalism, foreign or domestic, meet from him just as much credence and attention as they deserve; he never allows enthusiasm to intrude among national considerations. He measures the length, breadth, and thickness of the bill before him; calculates, with his persevering precision and practical wisdom, the effect which it will have, either on the happiness of the people, or on the social or political constitution of the country. According to its value for good or for evil, does the Duke of Wellington support or oppose it; and from that hour its fate is usually decided. Why? Because the unbending, unflinching honesty of the man, and his political sagacity, have created him a character unprecedented in the annals of his country. The Duke's style of speaking is what might be expected from his character—plain, simple, and straightforward. His sentences are short and pithy, his language clear and lucid, his delivery abrupt. When he makes a point it falls on the mind with the force of a sledge-hammer. His voice reminds one of that of an officer giving the word of command. He lays emphases short and somewhat harsh on the leading words of the sentence, and speaks the rest in an undertone. Although, however, in consequence of his age and the gradual approach of infirmity, his utterance is not so clear as it ought to be, yet you can always understand immediately his whole meaning. He uses the plainest language of every-day colloquy. His style is impressive from its Doric simplicity. You never entertain a doubt of his sincerity; and although you may not always agree with him in opinion, you have, at least, the satisfaction of knowing that his propositions are the true result of his feelings or his thoughts; and are not merely put forward to answer the purposes of party, or to secure a triumph in debate. For the same reason the Duke never attempts to impose on the House a fictitious enthusiasm or a pretended excitement. If he gets excited (and he will sometimes get into a terrible passion at any infringement of constitutional integrity or breach of discipline), there is no mistaking it for a mere prepared climax to a speech; he is completely possessed by the demon. The only action he ever uses on such occasions, and then it is almost convulsive. His arms and legs seem to be no longer under control; they quiver, and shake, and tremble; and the clenched fist violently and frequently struck upon the table denotes that some very potent feeling of indignation is, for the time, mastering the usual calmness of this self-possessed man."

There was only one other public man who stood in the exalted position of the Duke of Wellington, as a guide or adviser to the nation—Sir Robert Peel. Both had earned the right to speak—the Duke by his great military, the right honourable Baronet by his eminent civil services. The Marquis of Lansdowne, from his age and long public services, does, it is true, exercise an influence on the House of Lords, which is increased by his retirement from active participation in party warfare; but his prestige differs in degree from that of the late Duke of Wellington. Sir Robert Peel alone could be compared to the deceased warrior-statesman, in respect of the extent of his influence and the universality of its acceptance. It had grown to be judicial. It arose in each case from a grateful sense of benefits conferred: yet the public respect for the Duke was so far more remarkable than that felt towards Sir Robert Peel, that the latter had for some years elaborately flattered the middle classes, and legislated for them, yielding to their favourite tribunes a preponderating sway when considering his measures; while the former was the staunch upholder of the constitution in its old form of King, Lords, and Commons; but maintaining the absolute ascendancy of the two first powers. His whole career, and most of his speeches, embodied unconsciously an appeal on behalf of Constitutionalism, as he understood it in his earliest days, against the Revolutionary and Republican theories that were floating over Europe, and whose influences had not been wholly unfelt here. Whenever a constitutional question was raised, the Duke started up, like an old war-horse at the sound of the trumpet. Towards the close of his career, his opinions were looked for with even more than the accustomed anxiety, and received with a deference which, to

foreigners and theorists, might seem excessive. To his honour, be it said, that he never was apathetic to an occasion where his opinion might serve the injured or arrest the course of prejudice. His noble defence of Sir Harry Smith, his speech with reference to the cry raised against Lord Eilenborough, and some other manly protests of the kind, were instances at once of his own magnanimity, and of the respect with which he inspired his countrymen. A speech from "the Duke," produced a "sensation." Sanctified by age and renown, he came among the excited combatants with all his glory on him, and inspiring something little short of awe at the halo with which he was encircled. Rarely, indeed, was it that his advice, tendered with the modesty of true wisdom, yet with the firmness inspired by a sense of duty, did not at once stay the strife and adjudge the issue. It was this weight of prestige that gave to the oratory of the Duke its irresistible power, and, in spite of its Spartan simplicity, its moral grandeur.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AS A DIPLOMATIST.

IN the lustre of the Duke's military renown, and in the active interest felt in his services as a civilian at home, more than a dry record has not been made of his services as a Diplomatist. Yet, independently of the semi-diplomatic functions attached to his military commands in the Peninsula and in France, he was no fewer than six times engaged on special diplomatic missions, as representative Plenipotentiary of his Sovereign, entrusted with difficult and delicate duties.

The English diplomatist of the old school is a character now not often met with. It might, indeed, almost be said to belong to the past, so few are the specimens extant. The student of the modern history of Europe will remember how often the contrast has been forced upon him between the manoeuvring and finessing French or Russian agent of their several countries abroad, and the blunt, downright, single-minded Englishman. The admirers of the diplomatic character, as it is commonly understood, have, it is true, made merry with what they have conceived to be the clumsiness of our English ambassadors and negotiators; but "let those laugh who win." The simplicity and *brusquerie* of John Bull have gained, from time to time, the desired point—have hit the game while the more refined and skilful foreigner was beating the bush. Nor is it a matter of congratulation that in this respect the character of our diplomacy has materially changed of late years; that our agents abroad have become more clever and less straightforward; that in proportion as our policy has become more tortuous, they have followed with keener scent its tortuosities, and have learned to "keep the word of promise to the ear, but break it to the hope."

The Duke of Wellington was one of the most illustrious as well as one of the last of that old school of diplomatists. To those who have been accustomed to regard him as a soldier and a statesman, it may at first sight seem strange to be called upon to consider him as a diplomatist at all; but, in point of fact, he played no inconsiderable part in this capacity; thus affording an additional evidence that a great man can be great in any sphere of action to which he may be called. His training had been favourable to such an application of his powers and experience. In India, a negotiator and plenipotentiary, almost as much as a commander; at home, engaged in the administration of the civil offices of his native country; in the Peninsula, forced to negotiate and to diplomatise almost as often as to fight battles or arrange campaigns; he had thus passed a life amidst circumstances all favourable to his acquisition of that knowledge and those habits which afterwards enabled him to represent the interests of his country on a more extended arena, and in reference to stakes still more important than any yet entrusted to him.

The Duke of Wellington's first appearance in the character of an ambassador was in the month of July, 1814; immediately after his successful termination of the great Peninsular War. He was nominated Ambassador and Plenipotentiary to the Court of France, Lord Castlereagh being at that time Foreign Minister. Lord Palmerston was, at the same date, Secretary at War; the late Sir Robert Peel, Chief Secretary for Ireland; and Lord Brougham (quite a young member of Parliament), only beginning to attract notice. The duties of the Duke of Wellington, as Ambassador to the Court of France, were not so simple as, at first sight, they might appear. His mission was not merely one of congratulation; nor was he sent there himself to receive expressions of gratitude from the restored Monarch, for the great service he had rendered. He was to play a more distinguished part: to act—as far as any human authority in those days could act—as a moderator, amidst the excitement and exultation of a triumphant reaction. He was to bring his sound sense and cool judgment to bear upon the exalted madness of those who "had learnt nothing, and forgotten nothing." There was but one man in the world who could have performed that part; and that man was the Duke of Wellington. No other living man could speak with so much authority: to no other man could the Sovereign and the Ministers of France be expected to listen with so much deference. The choice which fixed on him, therefore, was a wise one; and he fulfilled his duty in a manner that supplied additional guarantees for the future stability of the restored state of things. The reader does not require to be reminded that the discharge of these functions involved danger as well as difficulty; and that he who had withstood, and miraculously escaped, the chances of "a hundred battle-fields," was in no slight danger of finding his career cut short by the hand of the assassin. As for the French nation, they have never yet made acknowledgment of the vital services he rendered them at this epoch; nor have they ever made atonement for attempts which were a disgrace to their country.

From Paris the Duke of Wellington proceeded, also as Ambassador, to the Congress of Vienna, where he took a direct, and, fortunately, an influential part in the deliberations which were to lead to the settlement of Europe. The concurrent testimony of all those who have written on this subject attributes to the Duke of Wellington's influence much, if not all, of the moderation there displayed, and the prevention of much reactionary violence, that would have endangered the guarantees of peace. To him also is due the bold stand made on behalf of the "people" of the various countries of northern and central Europe, in enforcement of the solemn engagements of the Sovereigns to confer on their subjects constitutional liberty. The Duke of Wellington was constitutionally an enemy to all that spurious patriotism which Mr. Disraeli once so happily described as "sentimentalism" in politics; but, on the other hand, he felt great reliance on the principle of representative and constitutional government, and was one of those who desired to see it established in Europe. On every befitting occasion during the Congress his opinion on this head was not reserved—that is to say, in his personal communications with the parties interested; and when, in 1830, the opportunity was afforded him to declare, in an official way, his adherence to those principles, he did so by acknowledging the dynasty of Louis Philippe, based as it was on the principle of representative government.

It was while the Duke of Wellington was still at the Congress of Vienna that the news arrived of the return of Bonaparte to his capital; and one of his first acts was to write home to his Government, to inform them that he had received from the Allied Sovereigns the most satisfactory assurances of their determination to resist to the utmost this new attempt of Napoleon to convulse the European world. His despatch to Lord Castlereagh, on this occasion, was one of those clear and dignified expositions for which Wellington had made himself famous in the Peninsula. He was then in the responsible position of sole Representative and Plenipotentiary of England, and his task was to hold the Sovereigns to their engagements. The name of Napoleon was still terrible

(Continued on page 414.)

BUST OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

To the numerous artistic memorials of the Duke, Minton and Co., of Stoke-upon-Trent, have just contributed a Bust, in Parian, which is entitled to special commendation. The likeness is admirable; and the



BUST OF THE LATE DUKE, IN PARIAN.

venerable age of the Duke is felicitously expressed; at the same time the characteristics of firmness and decision are maintained. The material—Minton's Parian—is of excellent colour, and of the finest texture, in the manipulation of which great skill has been displayed. The Bust is, altogether, one of the most successful productions of its class. It is published by Goode and Co., South Audley-street.

ST. PAUL'S.—THE CRYPT.—THE GREAT BELL.

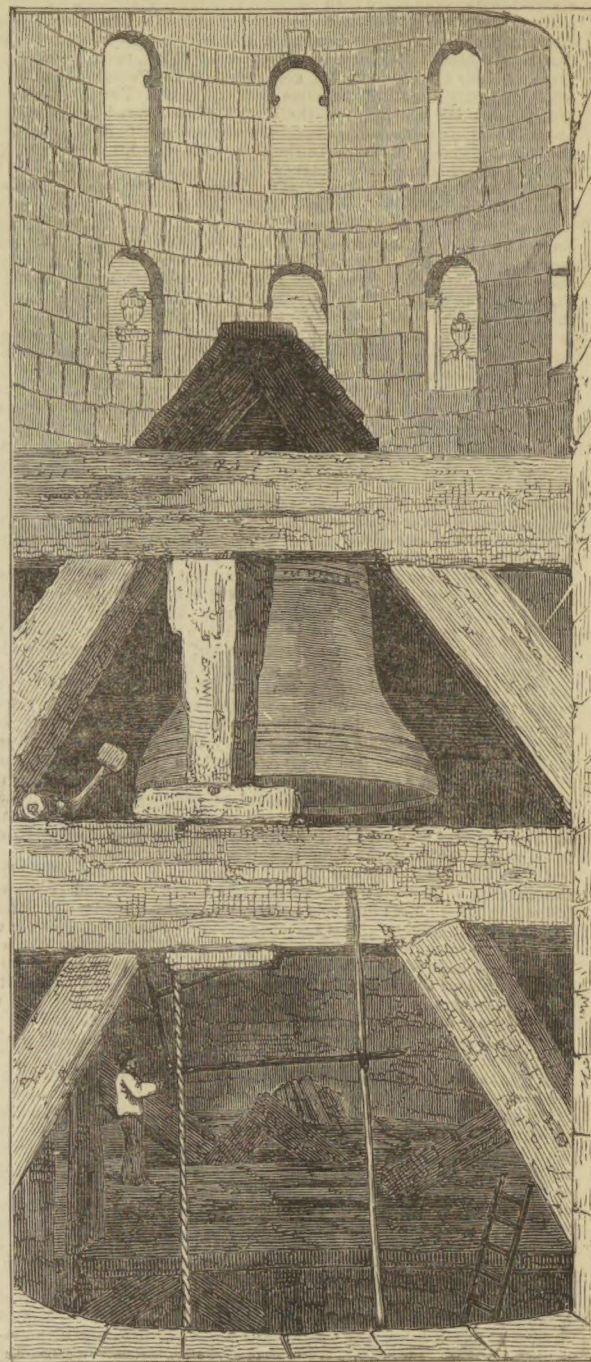
At no period of the history of our great metropolitan church has this sacred depository of the illustrious dead been an object of greater interest than at the present moment, when it is about to receive into its cryptal home the remains of England's greatest hero. The crypt, like the body of the cathedral, is divided into three aisles, by massive piers, forty feet square; the floor underneath the dome being supported by a circle of columns: in the middle rest the remains of Lord Nelson, and within the circle, the remains of Nelson's brother and his family. In the south aisle is the grave of Sir Christopher Wren, covered by a flat stone, the English inscription upon which merely states that he died in 1723; aged 91: hung on the adjoining wall, is a tablet, bearing the Latin epitaph, also placed over the choir entrance. Near Wren's grave, are the remains of our great painters. Hence, says Mr. Leslie, R.A., "if West-

minster Abbey has its 'Poets' Corner,' so has St. Paul's its 'Painters' Corner.' Sir Joshua Reynolds's statue, by Flaxman, is here, and Reynolds himself lies buried here; and Barry, and Opie, and Lawrence, are around him; and, above all, the ashes of the great Vandyck are in the earth under the cathedral." Close to the Wren monument, under an uninscribed slab, lies J. M. W. Turner, our greatest landscape-painter. Here are also the altar-tombs of Robert Mylne, the architect of Blackfriars-bridge; and John Rennie, the engineer of London-bridge. Nelson's remains are placed within an altar-tomb, surmounted by a black marble sarcophagus, made by order of Cardinal Wolsey, but which was left unused in the tomb-house adjoining St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The sarcophagus bears a Viscount's coronet upon a cushion; on the pedestal is inscribed "Horatio Viscount Nelson." Outside, but near this circular portion of the crypt, lies Lord Collingwood, as he requested, near Nelson; and opposite lies Lord Northesk, distinguished in the victory of Trafalgar. Here, too, are the graves of Dr. Boyce, next to Purcell, perhaps the greatest English musician; and George Dance, the architect, and the last survivor of the original forty of the Royal Academicians. In a dark recess of the eastern wall are the remains of the monuments from the old cathedral. There are some interesting memorials of the family of the great architect beneath the south aisle of the church: a monument of white marble on the right, representing a female seated at the organ, is to the memory of the daughter of Sir Christopher Wren; who, besides being a good musician, has the credit of having designed several of the City churches. Next the great architect lies his son; and a new white marble tablet is in memory of the great grand-daughter of Wren, who died at the age of 95: Sir Christopher was 91, and his son 97, at the time of their deaths. On opening the Wren tomb, to receive the body of the above-mentioned lady, the last of the race, the coffin of the architect was distinctly visible, in good preservation.

It is now time to speak of the spot in which Wellington is to be laid. We learn that it was the original intention of several persons in authority, who have the direction of the Duke's funeral, to have removed the granite slabs which inclose Nelson's remains to the edge of the grave of his brother: this would leave room for Wellington, equally near to the centre, and the two greatest naval and military heroes of the age would rest without any difference as to their position. This arrangement has been altered; and we now learn that the Duke will be buried at some distance east of the centre of the cathedral. The site of the warrior's grave would be in entire darkness were it not for the gas-lights which faintly light the tombs and arches; the side aisles of the crypt, after leaving the part covered by the transepts, are comparatively light. A very sensible proposition has been made to remove the sarcophagus made for Wolsey (which is empty), and to erect in its place a monumental tomb, containing the body of Wellington, properly inscribed; were this done, the two great commanders would lie in a place of equal honour.

On Monday Lord John Manners, the Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests, accompanied by the Marquis of Salisbury, Lord H. Lennox, and several other members of both Houses of Parliament, visited the Cathedral, for the purpose of inspecting the arrangements in progress for the obsequies of the immortal Duke, as also the effect of the general lighting up of the interior. The Very Rev. the Dean (Dr. Milman) and Mr. Phillips were in attendance to explain the extent and character of the works. The whole of the gas jets were lighted, and the appearance of the interior was one of remarkable grandeur. The space over the tomb was lighted by several argand lamps suspended from the dome, while the nave was illuminated with wax candles. Lord John Manners expressed himself much struck with the effect, and complimented the various artists engaged, on their success. His Lordship also visited the crypt, which was lighted in the ordinary manner.

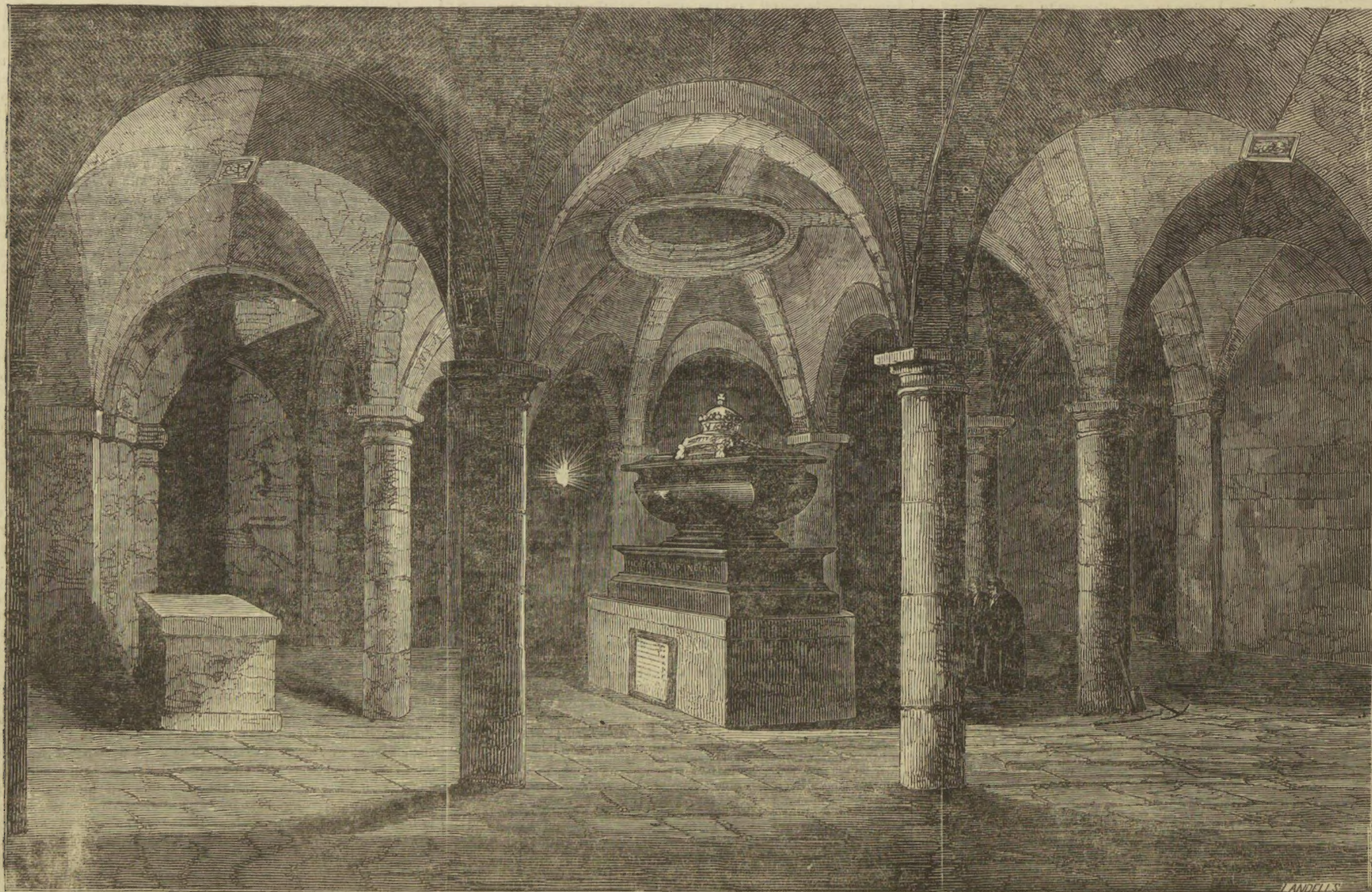
"The Great Bell" is one of the most popular curiosities of St. Paul's. It hangs in the southern clock-tower, above the two bells which strike the quarters. It cannot be raised and rung, but is hung on gudgeons, or axles, on which it moves when struck by the hammer of the clock. It is only tolled at the deaths and funerals of any of the Royal Family, the Bishop of London, the Dean of the Cathedral, and the Lord Mayor. But its deep tones will, doubtless, be heard at the State Funeral on Thursday next. The bell weighs 11,474 lbs.; and its diameter is 9 feet; the hammer lies on the outside brim of the bell, has a large head, weighs 145 lb., is drawn by a wire at the back part of the clockwork, and falls again by its own weight upon the bell; the clapper weighs 180 lb. This hammer is also used to toll the bell, in case of a demise or funeral; but the sound is not then so loud as when the hour is struck, in consequence of the heavy clock-weight not being attached when the bell is tolled, and causing the hammer to strike with greater force than by manual strength.



THE GREAT BELL OF ST. PAUL'S.

The key-note (tonic) or sound of this bell is A flat (perhaps it was A natural, agreeably to the pitch at the time it was cast); but the sound heard at the greatest distance is that of E flat, or a fifth above the key-note; and a musical ear, when close by, can perceive several harmonic sounds.—(W. Parry.)—From *Curiosities of London*.

A strange mistake has been made with regard to the bell. It is continually said to be the same, only re-cast, as that which, from the

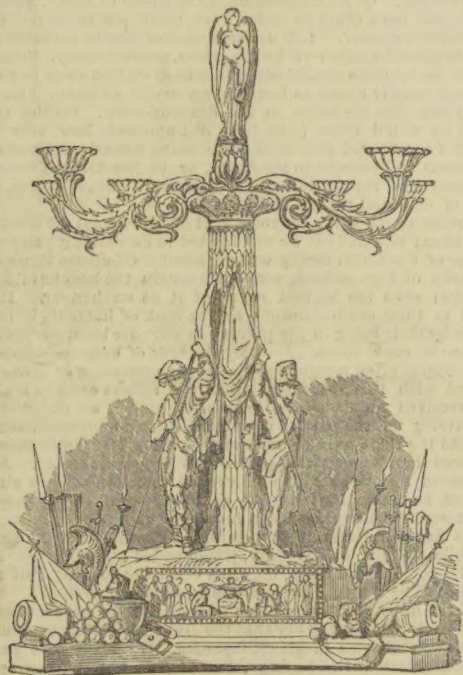


CENTRE OF THE CRYPT OF ST. PAUL'S.

reign of Edward I., hung in the bell-tower in front of Westminster Hall, and which was first known as "Edward of Westminster," and then as "the Great Tom." It is true that this bell was given, or rather sold, by William III. to St. Paul's, and re-cast by one Wightman; but it proved so faulty, that "Sir Christopher Wren employed Mr. Phelps (an honest and able bell-founder, as appeared by several specimens and testimonials), to make a bell proper for the clock all of new metal; and the agreement was so ordered, that this new bell should be delivered and approved before he was paid anything for it; and that he should accept the bell cast by Wightman, in part payment towards the new one, so far and at so much as the weight produced, at the price of old bell-metal; and Wightman's bell was likewise to remain at the church till the new bell was approved. And there were all other due and necessary cautions made in the agreement with Mr. Phelps, as may be seen by it, at the office of the works, at St. Paul's. This new bell, then, after trial, being found good, and approved of, Wightman's faulty bell was delivered to Mr. Phelps for the balance of his account."—(Wren's Answer to the Trect "Frauds and Abuses at St. Paul's.")

WELLINGTON CANDELABRA.

AMONG the magnificent Testimonials presented to "the Duke" was the pair of Columns, or Candelabra, here engraved; which, with the Wellington Shield, were designed by Stothard: the cost of the three pieces being about £10,000. The height of the columns is five feet. Branches for lamps were added, by order of the Duke, and were designed by Mr. Vulliamy. The figures on the top of the columns are respectively



WELLINGTON CANDELABRUM.—DESIGNED BY STOTHARD.

Fame and Victory. The groups on the bases, respectively English, Irish, Scotch soldiers; and Sepoy, Guerilla, and Portuguese. The panels of the bases are enriched with baso-relievs of classical subjects; and effective groups of military arms and trophies are placed at each angle of the base.

The whole of the plate was manufactured for Messrs. Green and Ward, by Messrs. Smith, Duke-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

TOMB OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Henlade, near Taunton, Nov. 9, 1852.

Sir,—As it is desirable to keep the character of "the Duke" conspicuously before the public, as an example and incitement to every person, from the highest to the humblest station of society; and as the interment in the crypt of St. Paul's will exclude his tomb from the public view, the solemn and imposing effect of which would be so great to all time, I would suggest that the statue of Queen Anne should be removed to unconsecrated ground; and on its site an appropriate monument be erected; such as a bronze colossal equestrian statue on a granite pedestal, the plinth of which should be so extended as to admit of four, five, or eight equestrian statues of so many Peninsular Generals surrounding him beneath, all to be of the simplest character. Such a Tomb would be a very imposing feature of the locality, a great ornament to the City, as well as a perpetual incitement to follow the great and good man in his many virtues.

Yours, &c.,
HENRY PERRY.

THE DUKE'S INTRODUCTION TO THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA.—When Lieut.-Col. Wesley (for thus the Duke originally wrote his name) first arrived in India, in February, 1797, the Governor-



"THE DUKE'S" PRIVATE ROOM, AT THE HORSE GUARDS.

General was Sir John Shore (soon afterwards Lord Teignmouth), to whom young Wesley brought a letter of introduction from the Marquis Cornwallis; and it is amusing now to notice the guarded, though complimentary, terms in which the Marquis couched his recommendation. The letter is dated "Whitehall, June 10, 1796," and is as follows:—"Dear Sir, I beg leave to introduce to you Colonel Wesley, who is Lieutenant-Colonel of my regiment. He is a sensible man, and a good officer, and will, I have no doubt, conduct himself in a manner to merit your approbation." Sir John Shore seems to have very promptly and acutely discerned the true character of the young soldier. The present Lord Teignmouth tells us that, at their first interview, at a levee, Sir John turned quickly round to his aides-de-camp, as Colonel Wesley retired, remarking:—"If that officer should ever have an opportunity of distinguishing himself, he will do it, and greatly." The Colonel was a frequent guest at the table of Sir John Shore, who, in after-life, often adverted to the union of strong sense and boyish playfulness which, he said, was at that time a peculiar characteristic of his young friend.—*Military History of the Duke of Wellington in India.*

"THE DUKE" AT THE HORSE GUARDS.

WE have already illustrated the active life of "the Duke" in several of his official capacities; but in no instance is the great Commander's disregard of "pomp and circumstance" more evident than in the plainness of his Grace's office, at the Horse Guards. The building in which the military affairs of the empire are transacted certainly cannot be said to present any extrinsic ornament: there can be no reasonable complaint of unnecessary expense in this department; and the unpretending style of the apartment wherein the late Commander-in-Chief transacted business is nearly as plain as a barrack-room.

The Horse Guards, named from a troop of Horse-Guards being constantly at duty in it, stands on the site of the tilt-yard formerly attached to the Palace of Whitehall: in this yard, stables and barracks were built for the body of troops raised by Charles II., which he entitled "Horse-Guards." Precisely a century ago, these buildings were taken down, and the present edifice built by Vardy. It has been much complained of by architectural critics, and not without reason; and the two guards on duty in the stone alcoves, may be somewhat too grand for their quarters. The troop are accommodated in two lateral pavilions,

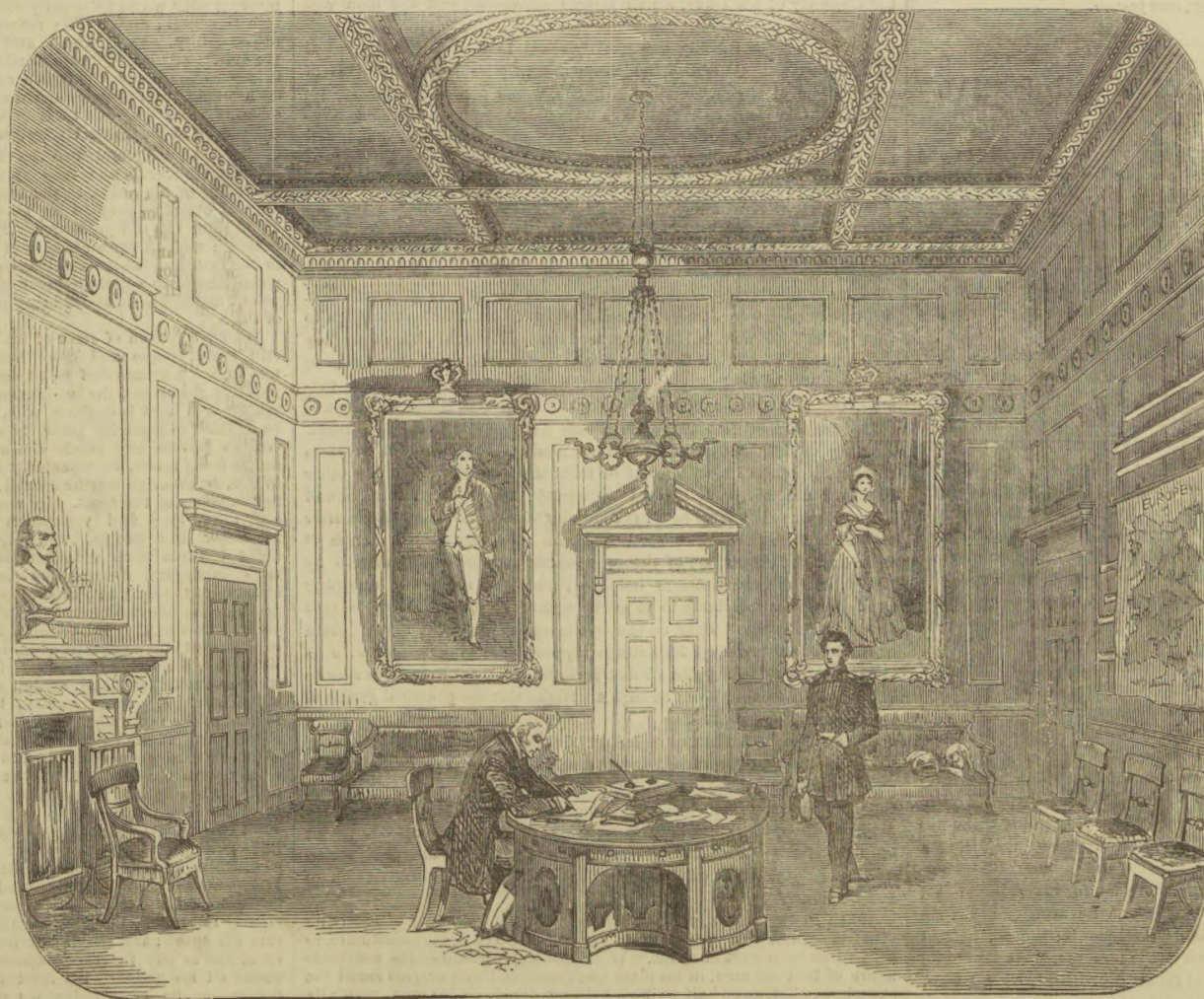


WELLINGTON CANDELABRUM.—DESIGNED BY STOTHARD.

length portraits, by Gainsborough, of George III. and Queen Charlotte. The bust on the mantel-piece is that of the Duke of York, by which we are reminded of a characteristic anecdote. When Sir Arthur Wellesley returned to England, "the hero of Assaye," on his first visit to the Horse Guards, he was kept in the waiting-room for upwards of two hours after his name had been sent up to the Commander-in-Chief, the Duke of York. (This was attributed to Sir Arthur having, many years before, given his opinion on the operations of the Duke of York's army in the north of Europe, in terms not palatable to his Royal Highness.) On the same day, Mr. Pitt heard of the above slight, when he issued cards for a grand entertainment, the invitation being "to meet Sir Arthur Wellesley." (See *Wellingtoniana*, p. 116, just published.)

In the Audience Chamber, the body of the Duke will be deposited on Wednesday next, the night before the funeral; the procession being appointed to start from the Horse Guards on Thursday morning.

WATCH PRESENTED BY THE KING OF SPAIN.—The Duke possessed a remarkably handsome and well-constructed gold Breguet watch, which was presented to him by Ferdinand, King of Spain. This time-keeper is a "montre de touche," in which the hours are indicated by eleven projecting studs round the rim of the case; while the pendant marks twelve o'clock. In the centre of the back of the case, is placed an index or hand; which, when moved forward, stops at the position of the hour indicated by the watch, which, by means of the studs and pendant, can be easily felt and counted; for instance, at half-past two, the index stops in the middle of the space between the second and third stud from the pendant.—*Wellingtoniana.*



THE AUDIENCE-ROOM, HORSE GUARDS.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AS A DIPLOMATIST.

(Continued from page 411.)

that his influence in France was still enormous, was attested by the rapidity with which he chased away the restored dynasty, and the suddenness with which, as by a breath, he destroyed the yet uncemented fabric of the new régime. Experience had shown that the coalition had its weak points; and what had happened before might happen again. The firmness and foresight of Wellington especially fitted him for this duty—to re-assure the timid, or to shame the wavering. It was in the name of honour and justice that he spoke, and thus far his task was easy; but those appeals came with the more force from one whose past deeds had given him the right to speak. The immediate result of his exertions was the additional Treaty of Vienna, by which the Allied Monarchs bound themselves to keep the lance in rest till the common enemy should be overthrown.

In three years from this date, the Duke of Wellington's services as a diplomatist were again in requisition. On this occasion, it was to proceed to the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, where, in the same spirit as at Vienna, he strove to moderate the reactionary spirit of the Sovereigns, and thus avert the inevitable resistance of their subjects.

Five years afterwards, at the close of the year 1823, the Duke of Wellington proceeded to the Congress of Verona as Plenipotentiary of England. The ostensible or supposed object of that Congress was the settlement of the affairs of Russia and Turkey, on which subject the policy of our Foreign Minister, Mr. Canning, would have been in accordance with that of the other Courts, in so far as they were prepared to observe the law of nations. But the Duke of Wellington, while on his way, had learned at Paris that the Congress would occupy itself with the internal affairs of Spain, and in favour of that tyranny which the restored Bourbons was maintaining, to the disgust of Europe. The Duke, acting with his accustomed promptitude, wrote over for further instructions, which were at once conveyed by Mr. Canning, in the terms most congenial with the nature of the envoy. It was however, unnecessary to tell this diplomatist of the old school, that he must "frankly and pre-emptorily" declare that "England would not be a party to any interference by France, by force or menace, in the affairs of Spain." The Duke's own nature, and his experience of the character of the Spanish people, were enough to satisfy him of the folly of such a step, even were it not a contravention of that international law which Bonaparte had himself infringed when he crossed the Pyrenees. The Plenipotentiary stuck to the text of his instructions; but his remonstrances were of no avail against the infatuation of the French and Spanish Bourbons. The other Sovereigns represented at the Congress, or attending it, resolved on withdrawing their Ambassadors from Madrid. The Duke, reading his instructions with a liberal comment, refused to do the like with the British Ambassador; but declared that he should remain at the Spanish Court, in order to "allay," if possible, "the irritation" natural to the proud Spanish nation at being thus dictated to by foreign Monarchs. With the straightforward and somewhat peremptory instructions he had received, the Plenipotentiary was not long in discharging his duty; for we find that, although the Congress did not meet till the 15th of December, the Duke had returned to Paris, his mission accomplished, before the end of the year.

For the fifth, yet not the last, time, the Duke of Wellington was now about to be despatched on a diplomatic errand. On this occasion he was selected by Mr. Canning to complete the work he had done at Verona. He proceeded, under special instructions, to Madrid, still further to calm the irritation of the Spaniards, and by his immense influence and personal acquaintance with the chief men of Spain, to avert the most fearful consequences of the late resolution of the Sovereigns. In this mission he was successful, and on the 24th of April of the following year (1825) he delivered a speech in the House of Lords, in which he entered into a full explanation of all he had done.

Once more, and now finally, the Duke of Wellington, figured as Ambassador. In the year 1826 the state of our relations with Russia, and the presence in the Foreign Office of Mr. Canning, whose policy was feared by the Autocrat, rendered it desirable that some special communications should take place between the two Governments. The last Ambassador to St. Petersburg, on the occasion of the crowning of Nicholas, had astonished the people of that luxurious capital by his display of magnificence. Now was to proceed there a man who disdained such sources of influence; the lustre of whose deeds "paled all ineffectual fires." To the new Emperor the nomination of Wellington could not but be a source of peculiar satisfaction; it was, as it were, the ratification of his right (but recently menaced by a formidable conspiracy), in the presence of the man who had so much contributed to consolidate his throne. No wonder, then, that the Duke was successful in the object of his mission, and that the apprehended causes of difference were precluded.

Thus much space we have devoted to the Duke of Wellington as a Diplomatist, because even those most familiar with his career have somewhat overlooked his services in this capacity. To his accumulated honours must be added this other distinction—that more often than any living diplomatist he was specially selected for diplomatic missions; that his instructions embraced more important and more various objects; and that on all occasions (save at Verona) he was successful—conquering civilians, as he had conquered soldiers, mainly by his steadfast adherence to the great principles of truth, honour, and justice.

THE DUKE IN HIS PRIVATE AND SOCIAL CAPACITY.

It seems almost an anomaly to supply the term "private" to one who had so entirely become public property as the Duke of Wellington; who could not appear outside his door but the very children knew him, and pointed to him in innocent wonder. Still, the Duke had a character wholly distinct in its external symptoms from that which he presented to the world as a warrior and statesman—a character so unique and original, and, withal, so thoroughly English, that insensibly it has been adopted as a model even by those who could never hope to reach its singular excellence.

It is well observed by M. John Lemoine, of the *Journal des Débats*, in his masterly little book, "Wellington from a French Point of View," that the Duke, after having been England's Captain, Minister, Protector, "had become also one of her monuments, and, as such, he could not refuse himself to popular demonstrations." This is true; and it accounts for the good-humoured freedom with which the Duke received and responded to the admiration and even the curiosity of the public. He towered so high that he could be above affectation. He did not disguise that he was well aware of the nature and extent of the feelings he excited. What most excites satisfaction is, that those feelings should be so universal and so intense; the poor and humblest of the people regarded him with the same impulse of affectionate respect, that prompted one of his old companions in arms to burst into tears in the House of Lords on receiving from him a reproof.

He had become household property. Something of the admiration of the French for Napoleon pervaded the English towards the Iron Duke. Pictures, busts, statues, of all and every conceivable order of merit and likeness, swarm in our shops, and ornament the collections of private persons. Although England cannot boast a Horace Vernet, the pencils of some of our best artists have been employed in recording his battles, or in preserving his lineaments; while the sculptors have always been, and still are, hard at work. We have heard of one young artist who has already received orders for nearly 200 copies, in marble or plaster, of a recent likeness. By his aristocratic friends and admirers, and by public bodies, he was constantly tormented to sit for his likeness; and it was rightly considered no slight favour when he acceded to the request. He never thought of such things for himself; indeed, he had little occasion; for, as his witty French critic remarks, "As for public statues, it must be owned that England rather over-used her great man. The good old Duke could not walk out without being exposed to knock himself against his own nose. In Apsley House, he was literally besieged with representations of his own figure, and he could not look out

of a window without finding himself in his own presence." In truth, the Duke was hardly used in this respect; if we reflect on the two extremes of bad taste with which he was assailed outside his own dwelling-house. If he was indifferent, as a matter of vanity, to having his own likeness perpetuated, when he did consent to sit he was most particular as to the exactitude of the resemblance. Here we have the predominating trait in his character exhibiting itself in trifles. Nor was this all: he carried his idea of duty still further. If he went through the ordeal at all, at least the work must be well done. He was most minute and careful in this respect; would take the measuring compasses, and ascertain the exact proportions of his own features, then compare them with the clay representative. Nor was it only the elaborate works of great artists that adorned the galleries of the rich: every petty image-maker had his *contrefaçon*; so that the head of the Duke appeared in all conceivable sizes and in every degree of divergence from truthfulness to the original. It had, however, this effect—that his face became known in the remotest nooks and corners of the country, so that he could not pass along the street without being recognised.

Let us pursue the Duke through one day, during the height of the season. Of course, for the sake of effect, we crowd into the record of one, the diversified occupations of many days; but, more or less, the picture will be true.

At six, or half-past six, the aged man would rise from his simple bed on its iron bedstead; for, like all really great working men, he always rose early. At an advanced age, he invariably indulged in the hardy luxury of a shower-bath, to which may be attributed much of the power of endurance he manifested up to the very close of his life. This healthful and invigorating act concluded, he proceeded to dress himself, never employing a valet or attendant, but always preferring to do everything, even to his shaving, with his own hands. And how simple was that dress! In summer, the snow-white trousers and the plain blue or black coat, the white vest, and close band round the throat, confined by that unique steel buckle. Of this buckle there is an anecdote told that illustrates his character. Some kind member of his family, thinking that the old steel buckle, of many years' service, was scarcely good enough for so great a man, had replaced it by another of more costly material and more brilliant effect. The result was the reverse of what might have been expected. The Duke, instead of being pleased at the change, was annoyed at the loss of his old serviceable friend, and made such a to-do about it that all sly subterfuge was useless, and they were obliged to "find" the missing buckle.

But, to return to his habits. His dressing achieved, he devoted himself to labour for some time before breakfast. Think of the many high posts he filled, and of the duties attaching to them; of the correspondence, the investigation, the mere consumption of time and physical labour induced by those offices; and then add to these the multitude of letters written by indifferent persons, too many from mere idle curiosity, or to obtain an autograph, and it will not seem surprising that the Duke was one of the hardest-worked men in her Majesty's dominions. He might have had less to do if he could have permitted himself to act through the agency of others; but, like the late Sir Robert Peel, he was unwilling to suffer any one else to do what could be done by himself. And this was not, as might be supposed, from the mere fidgettiness of an old man, but because, as a matter of duty, he considered himself bound to form a correct opinion upon every subject that came before him, and also to judge for himself on questions of fact. Those with whom he thus came in contact in discharge of his various duties universally bear testimony to his assiduity and stoical perseverance in fulfilling his functions as Commander-in-Chief, as Governor of the Tower, as Master of the Trinity House, and as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. No subject was too minute for his attention, provided there was any principle of justice or duty involved in it. We do not know whether the anecdote has appeared in print; but we have heard a story characteristic of his love of discipline, and his promptitude in attending to justifiable application. A gentleman, it is stated, in passing Apsley House, had in some way or other contrived to lose his cane, which the servant would not take the trouble to look for. A second, and even a third application producing no result, the gentleman wrote to the Duke, stating the facts, and complaining of the domestic. To this he received an immediate reply, requesting him to call at ten the next morning. When he presented himself, he received, not only the cane and an apology, from the servant, but also the unpleasant news that, after six and twenty years' service, he had been dismissed for this breach of duty and good manners. This was a hard measure of punishment; but the Duke probably felt his own character implicated by the incivility of his servant. Ultimately, the gentleman was induced to make, with many apologies, an appeal to the clemency of the Duke, which proved successful, and the man was reinstated.

The best part of the day was usually spent in the labours incidental to his position. Of course, he was constantly liable to the visits of callers, some of whom, though old friends, would be troublesome.

The military instincts of the Duke were carried into the small concerns of life, and the discipline to which he subjected himself when conducting the weightier affairs of the nation, whether in military or political strife, was discernible, and sometimes under rather ludicrous aspects. The Duke, during very little of his public career, could call any time his own. When not occupied in the duties of his more legitimate profession, or in the councils of the state, his position rendered him a frequent referee on subjects of a national character; and then, like other men, he had his own private friends to whom he had to give audience. Visits, however, were sometimes *mal-apropos*, and a hasty intimation to that effect did not fail to escape him. He was obliged to lay down the most stringent rules for the preservation of his time, or rather the time of the public, from intrusion—not only from persons, but also from missives of every kind, in the shape of presents, curiosities, and other things with which he was continually pestered. Nothing of this kind could be left at Apsley House without previous permission obtained from himself or from his secretary. On the other hand, he did not close himself up against what was passing around him. He was fully alive to all the activity of invention, and sought after useful novelties of every kind. It has been already recorded of him in this Journal, that no part of the newspaper was more closely conned by him than the advertisement columns; and that if he saw anything announced that was likely to be worth examining or purchasing, he sent for it immediately. Thus, on the one hand, he protected himself from being intruded upon by impertinent speculators, who might strive to trade on his name; while all that was really worth having was sure to be within his reach. Even in such a trifle as this the practical genius of the man may be detected.

We have supposed him occupied, before and after his frugal breakfast, with the reading of his correspondence, of documents of various kinds appertaining to his public duties. A now familiar instance of this is the fact, that almost immediately before his death he was occupied in mastering the report of the Oxford University Commission; partly because, as Chancellor of the University, it was his duty to do so, and partly because he expected that the subject would come under discussion in the ensuing session of Parliament.

When these labours, and the scarcely less onerous duty of receiving visitors, did not occupy too much time, the Duke was accustomed to saunter forth for a walk or a ride. Who does not remember the venerable figure of that old man, in his plain frock-coat and trousers, his small but sharply cut hat, as he half-walked, half-wondered, on his way, manfully struggling with his iron will against the growing infirmities of age, which made his step totter at times in spite of himself? Who does not recollect to have seen this plain, unpretending veteran, the more illustrious for his

unostentatious bearing, as he passed through troops of fellow-subjects, not one of whom but lifted his hat as he passed? Who has not heard of his hair-breadth escapes from horses, cabs, and vehicles of all descriptions, as, self-possessed and fearless of danger, he kept on his solitary way, deaf, not so much from physical infirmity, as from the pre-occupation of his thoughts. Thus—or, as was more often the case, on horseback, where he sat with the ease of youth, but the relaxed hold of age—would the Duke of Wellington make his way from Apsley House, or the Horse Guards, to the House of Lords, receiving, on his way, a personal homage such as is not paid in this country to any but the Sovereign, or to some popular Princes of the Blood Royal. In this respect he stood quite alone in the world. There was no other man in any country, except a crowned head, who received this honour, and received it so spontaneously. The word had never gone forth—there was no national consent—thus to distinguish him from the rest of the world; yet, as if by a miracle of common accord, every man, from the highest peer to the humblest artisan, made public obeisance to him; and the women, young and old, and the little children, when they heard his name, gazed on him with the same admiration, and paid him a homage as sincere and still more touching. You might trace his path in the turned faces and gazing eyes of the people through whom he had passed: he seemed to leave a line of light along his traces. And when he reached the House of Lords, it was but to meet from the highest and the noblest the same marks of respect he had received from unknown admirers. With a few he was on such terms of intimacy, that they could take the liberty of grasping his hand. These were old companions in arms; or illustrious civilians such as Lord Brougham, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Lansdowne, or the late Earl Grey. With others he was intimate from personal liking; as, for instance, with Lord Ellenborough; but with none were his communications more cordial, friendly, and jocular than with his old antagonist, but since fast friend, Brougham. It was not unusual for his entrance, when perceived, to suspend for a moment or two any discussion short of a formal debate, because his advent centred on him all attention. To see him on a Royal Speech day, when that brilliant chamber was crowded with the intellect and beauty, rank and fashion of the empire, was a thing never to be forgotten. As for the fair sex, it was as if they would have devoured him with their eyes, smothered him to a delightful death with their questions and their congratulations—all which he was of a nature to enjoy beyond measure. Then came the salutations of friends, political associates or antagonists, and of distinguished foreigners. His courage in battling against infirmity was here most marked; he would persist in staggering, under the weight of that massive sword of state, even at the imminent risk of a catastrophe; and he supported the fatigue of such public displays with a stoicism which always drew forth the warm and affectionate congratulations of the Queen. Towards her Majesty in private, his demeanour is believed to have been more that of a father than of a subject, but not from forgetfulness on his part of duty and etiquette, but because her own affection and respect commanded it. In public, the contrast presented by the Queen and the great conqueror of the enemies of her country, was touching, from the tender respect she paid to him, and the studied courtesy of his homage to her. Of his demeanour in the House of Lords, much has been written, and more could be added; we mean, not in his political, but in his personal capacity. Let us rather follow him to his home; where, if alone, he dines frugally;—if he has guests, magnificently. If there did not happen to be some special attraction to draw him away in the evening, he would usually spend an hour or two in his cabinet; yet, still find time to mix with the ladies in the drawing-room. During the musical season, he would dress (and how distinguished, how ever classically elegant he rendered that most unbecoming costume, our ordinary evening attire!) and proceed to the opera, or to the Ancient Concerts, or to the concerts of the Philharmonic Society; where, of course, he was an object of universal respect and attention.

At other times, when on some visit of ceremonial, he would wear his blue ribbon; especially if he was invited to an evening party where any member of the Royal family was expected. Of course it was not every lady, even of high fashion, who could obtain the honour of a visit from the Duke: even the highest regarded it as an honour. He was not guided in these condescensions by the rank of his hosts in the peerage, or even by their being in the peerage at all. He knew perfectly well the influence he could communicate by the visit of even a few minutes; and young people, often seemingly without the pretension to invite him, were gratified with this distinction, when the richest and the highest might have received an excuse. He was, of course, an object of universal manoeuvring on the part of the givers of grand entertainments; not to have had the Duke were to have wanted the greatest attraction; to have numbered him among the guests was an achievement. And yet his kindness in this respect was proverbial, because, as has already been observed, he knew that he was in some respects public property, and thus it would be ungracious in him to remain in obscurity. His main reasons for ever declining, or making an excuse, were the necessities of his public position, or his duty, which called him elsewhere; and even when he could plead these, he often contrived to steal half an hour in order not to be wanting at the *soirée* of some fair protégée.

And the links that bound him to these friends were not of a merely formal kind. Those who say that the Duke of Wellington had no heart, do him and their own judgment injustice. He was a man in whom the reason subjugated the feelings; but he was not the less open to the kindest impulses. Of children he was always fond; and children paid him an involuntary tribute, by being fond of him. The instinct of children is seldom wrong in this respect; and they all came running after him, prattling their little joys and sorrows, and looking for the presents with which he usually stored himself beforehand. He was god-father-general; and, in this respect, accumulated an awful amount of responsibility. As his friends and associates, more particularly amongst the female aristocracy, were usually selected for their talents and virtues, it may be hoped that the future career of those innocent objects of his sponsorship, from Royalty downwards, may be influenced by the consciousness that they owe their name to that illustrious man—more illustrious even in his manly virtues, than in his glorious deeds.

Stories have circulated to the effect that the Duke was penurious in his habits. Except that he squared his personal expenditure with the simplicity of his tastes, this charge is unfounded. He was, of course, a natural object of prey to all kinds of impostors, and was obliged to adopt rules for self-protection. He was a large dispenser of private charity; and, in some cases, was frightfully plundered by impostors—in one instance, which was made public, of upwards of £500. He was a contributor to a great number of charities, hospitals, and other benevolent institutions, besides being either a president or patron of many of them.

We have spoken of some of his ordinary habits in town. They were still more simple and more hardy when he was in the country. It was to him a great relief to go down to Walmer Castle to enjoy comparative peace and the sea-breezes. There, one of his most favourite visitors was Lord Brougham, who, more than any other living man, will be enabled to leave for posterity a portrait of the salient points of his Grace's private and public character. Here, in consequence of his duties being fewer, he repeatedly afforded himself an extra hour's rest. While, in this, his marine retreat, he much occupied himself with the fortifications of the coast. He was here, on a small scale, as much the object of love and veneration as on a large scale in London. He knew the people, and especially their children, and always acted towards them with kindness. His habits here were singularly hardy and Spartan-like for so aged a man. He never feared changes of the season; indeed, it was often the tempestuous season that he chose for his visits to the sea-side. Here, too, he had his duties—his correspondence, his out-of-doors and in-doors pursuits—all of which, even down to the superintendence of the details and accounts of his household, were performed by himself. His precision extended to trifles, and he was punctual, from habit, as well as from judgment. A trifling incident, which exhibits, perhaps, more of the force of habit than of discipline, is related of the Duke when at Dover. It was his Grace's custom to have in readiness, at the Ship Hotel stables, a gig and a saddle-horse, either of which he used whenever he had to proceed from Dover to Walmer. The oddity here recorded is, that it was the invariable custom of his Grace, when he had mounted his horse, to let it walk at a slow pace until he had proceeded to a given distance—about fifty yards beyond the hotel—and then abruptly push the animal into a full gallop, which he would keep up until the end of the ride. This anecdote is insignificant in itself, but the quidnuncs of Dover were once mightily amused by what they considered to be an evidence of his extraordinary method and order. Wagers were constantly laid, that at a given boundary the Duke would suddenly accelerate his speed; and the unpractised in the ways of his Grace in this respect had to pay for their incredulity. This instinctive regularity pervaded all his actions—the least as well as the most important. Of course, as he grew older, his mind became more and more fixed on such things—that is the inevitable fate of age.

We have here touched on some of the points of his character, but there are still others, and most interesting ones, left for future handling.

STATUES AND PORTRAITS, AND MEMORIALS OF WELLINGTON.

We consider that we may do an acceptable service both to the existing generation (so deeply engrossed with thoughts upon the mighty dead, now shortly to be consigned to the grave), and also to future historians, in producing an accurate account of the various Statues, Testimonials, Portraits, and other works of Art, including Historical Pictures, raised to his honour, or in which his achievements are commemorated, or even incidentally referred to. Without further preface, therefore, we commence with the principal

PUBLIC STATUES TO THE DUKE.

The first public statue erected to the hero of Waterloo was that known as the Achilles statue, in Hyde Park; executed by Westmacott; erected there by order of George IV., on the 18th of June, 1822, and inscribed:—"To Arthur, Duke of Wellington, and his brave companions in arms, this statue of Achilles, cast from cannon taken in the battles of Salamanca, Vitoria, Toulouse, and Waterloo, is inscribed by their countrywomen." The statue is about 18 feet high, and weighs upwards of 30 tons; cost £10,000, subscribed by ladies. The figure is copied from one of the famous antiques on the Monte Cavallo, at Rome; but Achilles is a misnomer: and the statue has never received its sword! For twenty-two years this was the only public statue in honour of the Duke of which the metropolis could boast.

In 1844 two equestrian statues were erected to the Duke; the one in the City of London, opposite the Royal Exchange; the other at Glasgow. The City statue, placed in the midst of the open space left by the removal of Bank-buildings, can easily be viewed on every side. The statue itself is 14 feet in height from the feet of the horse to the top of the head of the Duke. The pedestal, which is of granite, is altogether 14 feet high, so that the total height is really 28 feet. The horse is in an attitude of rest: opinions differ as to the merits of the animal; but, to our eye, the chest and shoulders are disproportionately large, the head is too sharp, the neck too short, and the channel too heavy. The portrait of the Duke is more successful than the entire figure, which is ill-proportioned, whilst the position is objectionable. There has been a striking anomaly noticed in this statue: stirrups are omitted, as being a modern invention, whilst there is introduced an appendage to the bridle which is an addition of our own day. The Duke wears a military cloak, so that the classic affectation is not extended to the costume.

The cost of the statue and pedestal was £9000: the metal, which was given to the committee by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is valued at £1500, in addition to that amount. The money was raised by a public subscription, after a meeting held at the Mansion House. The contract with Sir Francis Chantrey was made in February, 1839, by the trustees—Sir Peter Laurie, Mr. John Masterman, Mr. Arthur K. Barclay, and Mr. R. L. Jones; the work to be completed and fixed by 1843. Sir F. Chantrey, at his death, left the whole model complete, and also the head of the Duke, the full size. The work was completed by his assistant, Mr. Weeks, under the direction of the executors.

The King of Saxony was present at the inauguration of this statue, by the Lord Mayor and civic authorities, which took place on the 18th June, 1844.

As to the quiescent attitude of the horse in this, and two other equestrian statues by the same sculptor, and which, in spite of all arguments to the contrary, we cannot help condemning, as contrary to the prevailing nature of the horse, we find some revelations in Jones's "Recollections of Chantrey" which are worth quoting. The passage runs as follows:—

When George IV. was sitting to Chantrey he required the sculptor to give him an idea of an equestrian statue to commemorate him, which Chantrey accomplished at a succeeding interview by placing in the Sovereign's hand a number of small equestrian figures, drawn carefully on thick paper, and resembling, in number and material, a pack of cards. These sketches pleased the King very much, who turned them over and over, expressing his surprise that such a variety could be produced; and, after a thousand fluctuations of opinion—sometimes for a prancing steed, sometimes a trotter, then for a neighing or starting charger—his Majesty at length resolved on a horse standing still as the most dignified for a King. Chantrey probably led to this, as he was decidedly in favour of the four legs being on the ground. He had a quiet and convincing manner of convincing persons of the propriety of that, which, from reflection, he judged to be preferable. Chantrey's friend, Lord Egremont, was of the same opinion; for, in writing to the sculptor, he said, "I am glad your horse is not walking off his pedestal, which looks more like a donkey than a sensible horse." Chantrey wished, in this instance, for a quiet or standing horse; but he determined, if he ever executed another portrait, to represent the horse in the act of pawing, not from the conviction of its being a better attitude, but for the sake of variety, and to convince the public that he could do one as well as the other, for, whenever his works are censured, it always was for heaviness or want of action, which is rather surprising considering the energetic and speaking statue of Gratian.

"Man proposes—but"—we all know the rest. The next equestrian statue which Chantrey undertook was that for the City of London, now in question, and he still stuck to the quiet horse, the identical quiet horse, we believe, upon which he had on an earlier occasion perched his Sir Thomas Munro. Mr. Jones, in his little brochure already referred to, states, on the authority of Mr. Cunningham, that the Duke once went to see this equestrian statue (previous to its being sent out to India), when he remarked:—"A very fine horse;" after a pause, "a very fine statue;" and again, after another pause, "and a very extraordinary man!"

The Glasgow statue originated in a resolution passed at an influential public meeting, in the spring of 1840; and within a few months the subscriptions amounted to nearly £10,000. A deputation of the subscribers then waited upon the Duke of Wellington, at Apsley House, and communicated their intention to his Grace.

In this case the artist employed was not an Englishman; and, pending the deliberations upon the subject, Chantrey appears to have become early aware of that fact, and writes, under date May 19, 1840, to Miss Moore—"Tell papa that the Duke has discovered that in England, or even in Scotland, no artist can be found worthy of the Glasgow Commission: that it must be offered to Thorwaldsen of Rome. If Thorwaldsen should not be able to cast it, what then? No matter!"

As to the appointment of Thorwaldsen, however, the English sculptor was mistaken—a French artist was resorted to. On the 30th of November, 1841, the acting committee resolved to nominate Charles Baron Marochetti, of Vaux, in the Department of Seine-et-Oise, in France, as the artist to design and erect the statue, with the illustrative bas-reliefs, on the pedestal, representing the battles of Assaye and Waterloo. The inauguration took place on the 8th Oct., 1844, in presence of the Lord Provost, Sir Niel Douglas, Commander of the Forces, &c.

In this statue, also, the horse is quiescent, the moment being that when having just come to a state of repose, he seems as if listening to some distant noise. The head is that of an Arab, with the broad forehead and wide nostrils, and is standing with fore foot a little in advance, in an easy posture, the reins lying slack. The position of the Duke is that of a General reviewing his troops. The likeness is taken when the Duke was in the prime of life, the hero being dressed in the full uniform of a Field Marshal, with his different orders. The bas-reliefs on the south and north sides of the pedestal represent the first and last victories of the Duke, namely, that of Assaye, fought on Sept. 23, 1803; and Waterloo, June 18, 1815. Two small bas-reliefs on the east and west ends of the pedestal represent the soldier's return, and the soldier at the plough after all his labours, and after having saved his country from the invader of the foe.

In 1846 was erected the colossal equestrian statue over the triumphal arch at Hyde-park-corner, which was of dimensions to throw all equestrian groups extant, or on record, into the shade. This stupendous work is of so recent date, and its erection on the site where it stands was attended with so much difference of opinion, expressed with so much acrimony, that, upon an occasion like the present, we shall avoid detailed criticism, and merely give some statistics in reference to what must always be looked upon as a remarkable work. We believe it is correct to state, that the statue owed its existence, in part, to the contest for the execution of the City statue, which resulting in disappointment to the numerous patrons of one of the candidates, it was resolved to get up a new subscription for a statue at the West-end. So popular was the project, that in a very short time £30,000 was raised. Mr. M. C. Wyatt was appointed to design and execute this interesting memorial; and, assisted by his son, was occupied upon the model for upwards of three years. The model required 100 tons of plaster-of-Paris. The group represents the Duke as he appeared at the field of Waterloo, upon his favourite charger Copenhagen—the latter modelled from the most authentic data the artist could command. The horse is in a standing position, with his head a little on one side, as if looking out to a distant point of the field. The Duke sat to the sculptor for the portrait, which is considered like him. This statue is nearly 30 feet high, its other dimensions being as follow:—Girth round the horse, 22 feet 8 inches; from the horse's hocks to the ground, 6 feet; from his nose to the tail, 26 feet.

The entire group weighs 40 tons. It has been stated that the metal is from guns captured by the Duke in his various campaigns, and contributed by the Board of Ordnance; this was promised, but only one gun was given by the Ordnance—to cast the head; and from three to four tons of the rest of the forty were contributed on a division of what was left from the City statue of the Duke, between the Nelson monument (for the capital) in Trafalgar-square, and the Wellington group now in question.

The inauguration of this statue took place on the 30th September, 1846; it being conveyed entire from the atelier of the sculptor in a wagon drawn by 30 dray-horses, and escorted by cavalry. (For full particulars see ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, No. 231.)

In October, 1848, a stone statue of the Duke, by Mr. Milnes, was erected on the Green near the river in the Tower of London. The figure is draped in military costume, with a cloak hanging from the shoulder. It is about eight feet in height; the pedestal being ten.

In the present year—namely, on the 18th of June last—the citizens of Edinburgh inaugurated a splendid equestrian statue of the great Duke in their fair city. This great work, which is from the hand of Mr. John Steell, is colossal in dimensions, measuring nearly 14 feet in height; and, together with the pedestal, which is of Aberdeen granite, rising from the ground about 26 feet. The bronze weighs nearly twelve tons. It derives additional interest from its being the first bronze statue ever cast in Scotland. Unlike most other bronze statues, in this the different parts are not riveted together, but fused—an improvement attended by considerable labour and difficulty. The horse is here in high action. The only parts which touch the pedestal are the hind feet and the tail; and, accordingly, in order to preserve the balance, great skill was required in apportioning exactly to each part its proper weight of metal. We believe the only other equestrian statue in a similar posture is that of Peter the Great, at St. Petersburg, where the difficulty is chiefly overcome by the not very appropriate introduction of a serpent, upon which the horse is trampling, and which not only strengthens the hind legs, but projects far behind, and serves as a balance. The statue represents the Duke mounted on his charger, and issuing orders; the reins lie loose on the neck of his plunging steed; in one hand he holds them and his plumed hat, and with the other points commandingly to a distant part of the field. A large engraving of this statue has just been published.

The above are the principal public works of sculpture erected to the Duke in this country. Of Busts there are several in public places, viz.—One, by Turnerelli, in the Council-room of the Guildhall, opposite the bust of Nelson by Mrs. Dawson Damer; another by Nollekens; one by Chantrey, in the Guard-room at Windsor Castle, over which hangs the tenure-flag annually renewed for Stratfieldsay. In the same room is the bust of Marlborough, copied from Rysbrach by Sevier, and over it the tenure-flag for Blenheim.

Whilst upon the subject of Sculpture, we may quote some very pertinent, and we believe very true, observations, made by Sir F. Chantrey, in reference to a most remarkable point in the expression of the Duke of Wellington; namely, the eye. Sir Henry Russell is the relator, in a slight notice appended to the "Recollections," by Jones, already cited. Sir Henry, speaking of his interview with Chantrey, says:—

I observed that in some of his busts the pupils of the eye were marked, and others had the ball of the eye left plain. At this very time he was engaged on busts of George the Fourth and the Duke of Wellington, and he had marked the pupils of the eyes in the Duke's bust, and not those in the bust of the King. I asked him what it was that guided him in making the distinction? He said, "In the expression of some faces the eyes are the feature that takes the lead. When that is the case, I mark the pupils, when it is otherwise I do not; and a very simple experiment always decides which should be done."

On the second occasion that Mr. Jones came, he took advantage of his being there, and desired us to walk about for a few minutes, while he tried the effect of marking the pupils on his model. When he had done it he called us back. I told him that, as far as I was capable of forming an opinion, I liked the bust better before the eyes were marked, and Mr. Jones said the same. He said, "You are right, the marks won't do;" and he immediately removed them.

PORTRAITS OF THE DUKE.

The Portraits of the Duke, painted at various periods of his life, are so many and so various as almost to defy the attempt to enumerate them all. We will endeavour, however, to produce as complete a catalogue raisonné of them as possible:—

Amongst the earliest is that by Hoppner—a fine picture, representing the Conqueror when Sir Arthur Wellesey, whole length, standing, holding his sword and hat; an Indian holding his horse. This picture was engraved in mezzotint, by W. W. Barney, and published 1808. The figure was also engraved by G. Clint, 1814. The same artist painted a half-length of the hero, when Earl, with ribbon and star, which was engraved by H. R. Cock, in 1812, and in 1815. In the latter the title of Duke was given.

Sir William Beechey: A half-length. Engraved by W. Skelton, 1814; also, by H. Meyer, in Cadell's British Gallery, 1817.

Robert Horn: A whole length, when Marquis. Engraved by J. Williamson, 1813; and in smaller size, in mezzotint, by J. C. Eastling. J. M. Wright: A whole-length, on horseback, holding a bâton. Engraved by D. Havell, 1814.

F. Gerard: A whole length, both hands resting on his sword, his hat lying on a rock. Painted in 1814. Engraved by F. Forster, in 1818.

Pellegrini: Oval, in a square, a half-length, in the Portuguese uniform, with ribbon and star; flags, cannon, &c., as accessories. Engraved by "F. Bartolozzi, Etat. 83," (1811.) [This engraver passed the last thirteen years of his life at Lisbon, and died there in 1815]. There is another smaller engraving of this picture in 8vo.

Pellegrini painted another portrait about the same period, as the Marquis of Wellington, a whole-length, in the Portuguese uniform, a paper in his right hand, his left resting on his sword. Engraved by James Godley, in large folio, 1812.

H. Leveque: A whole-length, standing in his uniform, a field telescope in his right hand, and pointing with his left to a camp. Engraved in large folio, by the artist himself, 1815.

Isabey, the celebrated French miniature-painter: An oval, head and shoulders, with orders. Engraved by Mecou, 1814, inscribed "Le Duc de Wellington," published in Paris. Also engraved by Cochrane. This is a very pleasing and spirited likeness. The original was sold in Paris so recently as Saturday last, the 6th of November, at the sale of the Countess d'Hijar's property at Versailles, for the large sum of 10,601 fr., or £424. The Marquis of Hertford was the purchaser, after a sharp competition with another bidder.

Carlo Amatuszi: An oval medallion profile, left side seen, when Marquis, wearing the Order of the Golden Fleece. Engraved by Freeman, 1814; also engraved by Middlemist.

T. Phillips: A half-length, in uniform. Engraved by W. Say, 1814.

But the most interesting, and, perhaps, on the whole, the most agreeable of the early Portraits of the Duke, produced about the period of his crowning triumph in the field, is the Miniature by Hayter (now Sir George), painted by order of his Grace for his mother, the venerable Countess of Mornington, and so much esteemed by him and her, that his Grace caused it to be engraved by J. H. Robinson, not for publica-

tion, but for the use of himself and any friend upon whom he might think proper to bestow a copy. This Portrait represents the Duke without any military paraphernalia, looking at the spectator, full-face, in a frock-coat closely buttoned up, and a white cravat.

The better-known portraits are, of course, those painted within the present generation, and by more modern artists, commencing with Lawrence.

There are four portraits of the Duke by Sir Thomas Lawrence, of each of which numerous repetitions exist.

The first in order of date is that representing the Duke with the Sword of State, painted for the Prince Regent for the Waterloo Gallery at Windsor, and exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1815. This picture was engraved in line by Bromley, with the following inscription, "The Duke of Wellington as he appeared on the Day of Thanksgiving at St. Paul's, for the ratification of that Peace, the attainment of which his valour, genius, and wisdom had so essentially promoted; distinguished by the insignia of those honours with which a grateful country and applauding Europe had invested him, and bearing, by command, the Sword of England." This is a very dazzling picture—ambitious in style, and with a very broad light from above and behind, where, also, is a view of St. Paul's. It is, however, by no means the most pleasing of Lawrence's portraits of the Duke.

The next was the Portrait of the Duke, "in the dress that he wore, and on the Horse that he rode, at the Battle of Waterloo," painted for Earl Bathurst, and exhibited in 1818. This is a very spirited-moving picture; the Duke mounted on his charger "Copenhagen," waving his hat and giving the word for the Guards to make that eventful and resistless charge which decided the fortune of the day of Waterloo. Of this picture, Wilkie, who saw it before it went to the Exhibition, writes to Sir George Beaumont, 19th Jan., 1818:—"Sir Thomas Lawrence has almost completed his equestrian portrait of the Duke of Wellington. This I have seen, and think it a happy effort. He is dressed in a plain blue coat, and a large cloak of the same colour over it. It is the dress he wore at Waterloo; and, not being a regimental dress, has a very uncommon, though inherently military look about it. It is one of those images of the Duke that is likely to supplant every other; and I should not be surprised if it were to become as common throughout the country as Sir Joshua's Marquis of Granby. It is rather a dark picture, and I could wish that it had something of a quality which has almost gone out of fashion in the present day—I mean *tone* in the colouring." This picture was engraved in the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS of the 18th of September last.

The third portrait, painted by Lawrence, is that done for Mr. Arbutnot, in 1816. It is a half-length, representing the Duke in a military cloak, with the right hand thrown across to the left shoulder. This has been repeatedly engraved: in mezzotint by Cousins and by Jackson; in line, by Dean Taylor and by Charles Smith; and in smaller sizes, in mezzotint, by M'Innes, Burgess, and others.

This was always the favourite portrait with the Duke; and we think not without reason, for the expression is very pleasing, combining manliness with delicacy and refinement of sentiment. It may be mentioned that the great Commander, though never betraying a particle of personal vanity in the little sense, was proud of the estimation in which he was held both by the public and a numerous circle whom he honoured with his friendship; and a very usual mode of marking his esteem was the presentation of a print of himself, generally the Arbutnot one, with his autograph affixed, and in a plain little mapwood frame. This, for instance, was his usual *souvenir* to the hundreds of brides whom he has "given away," and, probably, the most gratifying testimonial he could bestow. Only a few days before his death he gave one of these modest keepsakes to an individual of illustrious rank. It happened that in September last, the Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, on their return from England to the Continent, paid a visit to the Duke at Walmer, when, in the course of conversation, the Duchess asked "the Duke" which of the many portraits existing of him he considered the best. The latter immediately pointed to the little map frame hanging from the wall, in which was a print of the "Arbutnot picture," and announced his preference for it. Upon the Duchess remarking that she would send to London for a copy, "the Duke," with his usual gallantry, declared she need not do so; and, taking the print down from the nail whereon it hung, begged her to accept it, which she did. No sooner had his visitors left the room, however, than the Duke took thought of the blank space which he had made on his wall, and also the absence of his portrait from the line of Prime-Wardens, Pitt, and others, which he had arranged thereon, and, with his usual love of order, promptly set about refilling it. The very next morning a note reached Messrs. Graves and Co., in the Duke's hand—"F. M.'s compts.," &c.—requesting that they would, with as little delay as possible, procure for him a copy of the Arbutnot portrait, framed in map-wood, and forward it to Apsley House, whence it would be transmitted to Walmer. No time was lost in putting into execution his Grace's order, and a message was sent to the steward, at Apsley House, announcing that the print, framed, would be ready for delivery on the following day. In the meantime, four days only after the first note, came another from the Duke, dated "7th Sept., 1852," in which he referred to the order already given, and "begged to know if it had been received, and what progress had been made in the execution thereof?" The print, framed as ordered, crossed this second note on the road, and was hung up by the Duke in the place of the former one, only one little week before he died.

Last in order stands a whole-length of the Duke in a military cloak, standing on the field of Waterloo, and holding his reconnoitring telescope; an admirable likeness, and soldier-like figure. This picture was painted in 1818, for Sir Robert Peel, who, both on account of the veneration in which he held the original, and also his value for it as a painting, so jealously prized it, that for many years he was not to be induced to let it go out of his possession for the purpose of being engraved. It was, however, eventually engraved in 1848 in mezzotint, by Cousins; and how it came to be so is so creditable to all parties that we record the circumstances. It will be recollected that in 1847 Sir Robert Peel gave a day *conversazione* to men of art and letters at his house, in Privy Gardens. Mr. Colnaghi, the print-publisher, on that occasion, lent his services to the ex-Premier in arranging the various prints and works of art in the rooms, lending, indeed, several for the purpose. A few days afterwards Sir Robert Peel called to thank him, and asked what he was in his debt. Mr. Colnaghi replied that he was very happy to have been of service in the matter, but could not think of making any charge. Sir Robert appreciated the delicacy with which this was said, but thanking the worthy publisher, begged to know if there was no way in which he could make some return for his kindness. Mr. Colnaghi then took courage, again broached the subject of the Duke's portrait; and after a brief hesitation, Sir Robert consented, only requiring to know for how long he would have to part with the picture. One twelvemonth, was the reply. "I consent," rejoined the Statesman, "but recollect, that whether the engraving is finished or not, I must have the portrait back one twelvemonth from the day you receive it." Mr. Colnaghi promised, and kept his word. The picture was punctually returned to Drayton Manor on the day twelvemonth, but the engraving not being then quite finished, Mr. Cousins was obliged to go down after it, to put the finishing touches. This was not very long before the untimely death of England's illustrious statesman, and art's considerate patron.

From Lawrence's hand we have also a life-size head of the Duke, in crayons (a vehicle which this artist commanded with the happiest delicacy and precision), drawn in 1815; and engraved in chalk by F. C. Lewis. There appears to have been two plates of this sketch—one square, the other surrounded by an oval line. The latter has the following quotation from Napier's "Peninsular War":—

Iron hardihood of body; a quick and sure vision; a grasping mind; untiring power of thought, and the habit of minute and laborious investigation and arrangement: all these qualities he possessed; and with them, that most rare faculty of coming to prompt and sure conclusions on sudden emergencies. Steadily holding on his own course, he proved himself a sufficient man, whether to uphold or conquer kingdoms. How many battles he fought—victorious in all!

If we mistake not, one of the first who had the honour of painting the Duke, after the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence, was Wilkie, to whose style the Duke was always very partial, and who, we believe, was the only artist that ever received a "commission" from him; namely, in the case of the "Chelsea Pensioners," to be noticed hereafter, in a subsequent article.

Wilkie never laboured willingly in portraiture; yet, after the death of Lawrence, portraits flowed in upon him; amongst the earliest that of the King, and one of the first Lady Lyndhurst, which was purchased by the Duke of Wellington; and immediately afterwards, in 1832, he was commissioned by Sir Claudius Stephen Hunter to paint the Duke himself, with the charger which he rode at Waterloo, for the Merchant Tailors' Hall. This picture he executed at Stratfieldsay, and with a success which gratified both his Grace and the wealthy Company who had employed him. Wilkie, in his correspondence, 2d Nov., 1832, says:—"I have gone on regularly at the rate of two sittings a day, and I think I have succeeded with the likeness, on which I mean to devote all the

sittings his Grace may be pleased to give me. The Duke returns to town on Monday, but is to give me a sitting on Monday morning; still I am not quite sure whether I return on the same day or not. There is only here the Duke and Lord Charles, his youngest son. The only strangers that have seen the picture are Sir Claudius Hunter and Mr. Briskall, the clergyman, who called to-day; both seemed highly satisfied with it. The whole of this is to me a most interesting visit and interesting labours." Again, on the 4th, he writes:—"I have had now about nine sittings, and to-morrow get one very early, which I expect will complete the head. His Grace leaves for town to-morrow. Finding that it would be convenient for me to paint the horse here, he has requested me to remain in the house to proceed with it. This, I think, will take me till Wednesday. I think the Duke likes the head, and seems to wish me to get the picture done without delay. The horse being at hand can be painted easily, and at all hours, which could not be the case, even were he brought to town."

This fine picture was exhibited in 1834.

By H. P. Briggs, R.A., we have three portraits of the Duke, viz.:—
A whole-length, seated, in his robes, as Chancellor of the University of Oxford; painted for the Earl of Eldon. Engraved in mezzotint, by Phillips. There is also a smaller engraving of part of this picture, half-length, inclosed in an oval scroll.

A whole-length, in a military cloak, the arms crossed, standing in a portico; below which is his horse. Painted in 1840; and engraved in mezzotint, by Ryall, 1842.

A three-quarter-length portrait in military undress, arms crossed, painted in 1840 for the Cutler's Hall, Sheffield. Engraved in mezzotint, by Ryall.

By John Lucas there are three portraits, viz.:—

A whole-length, in the costume of Master of the Trinity House, arms crossed; the Tower seen in the distance on the left; on a table to the right, a plan of Dover Harbour. Engraved in mezzotint, by H. Cousins.

A whole-length, standing, in his robes as Chancellor of the University of Oxford. Painted for the University. Engraved in mezzotint by S. Cousins.

A whole-length in military dress, standing, his hat under the left arm, the right pointing to a paper on the table. Painted for the county of Hampshire. Engraved in mezzotint, by John Lucas, 1841.

By Lilly we have two portraits, viz.:—

A whole-length, as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, with a cloak over full dress, with orders; Dover Castle in the distance. Painted for the Corporation of Dover, for the Town-hall. Engraved in mezzotint by Scott. A half-length of this picture has also been produced.

A whole-length, on horseback, on the sea-shore, near Dover. Engraved in mezzotint, by J. Scott.

By Salter: A whole-length, in the uniform of Field-Marshal, standing under an arch. Engraved in line by Greatbach. The same artist has also painted a half-length, in undress, with cloak, which has not yet been published, but of which, by permission of the artist, we have the pleasure of presenting an Engraving in the present Number.

By Pickersgill: A whole-length portrait, for the Oriental Club; which has been engraved in mezzotint by Wagstaff.

By W. Robinson is a portrait, painted for the United Service Club, under circumstances thus related in the journals of the day:—

Several years ago a subscription was raised among the members of the Senior United Service Club for the purpose of procuring a picture of the Duke of Wellington. His Grace had been so frequently asked to sit, that the members of the committee to whom the management was confided did not feel themselves warranted in requesting such a favour; and it was resolved that a copy of the head and face from some acknowledged portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence should be made, but that his Grace should be respectfully asked for the use of his sword, glass, cloak, &c., so that there might be as much real originality in the picture as possible. A young and rising artist, Mr. W. Robinson (since dead), was selected to do the work. A three-quarter portrait by Lawrence, belonging to the late Mr. Arbuthnot, was lent for the head, and one of the com-



THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, FROM AN ORIGINAL PORTRAIT PAINTED BY SALTER (NOW FIRST ENGRAVED).—THE BORDER DESIGNED BY HARVEY.

mittee was commissioned to speak to the Duke, and to request the use of the appointments alluded to. When the circumstances were made known to him he assented immediately; and, with the greatest good humour, said that he would give as many sittings as might be necessary to make the picture an original. This offer was gratefully accepted, and the picture having been as much advanced as possible, his Grace gave the sittings required. He ordered that the cloak, &c., should be sent, but the sword was missing, and nowhere to be found. It was one with a very peculiar silver hilt, which had been mounted in India, which he afterwards very generally wore during the whole of the Peninsular War, and for which he had a particular value. It had been painted by Lawrence in the picture belonging to Sir Robert Peel; from which a hasty eye sketch was made from memory, in order to convey some idea to the artist of its peculiar shape. Mr. Robinson had been occasionally employed by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and still had some acquaintance with the person who had been his servant. As this chance (remote as it was) of learning something about the sword thus offered itself, Mr. Robinson took the pencil sketch to the man, who said that there was an immense number of swords, canes, whips, parasols, &c., left in Sir Thomas's house at the time of his death, unclaimed; which were still collected, and were to be sold, with various effects, in a very short time. They visited the store, and (from the sketch) identified the very sword, which had never been sent back to the Duke, who was not aware of its loss, and totally ignorant of where it was, and, as it had no name, or cypher, or ticket attached to it, it was utterly unknown and unnoticed, and would have been sold by auction without comment or observation in a very few weeks, if it had not been for this fortunate circumstance. Application was immediately made to the executor, and the sword was returned to the Duke, very much to his surprise and gratification, at his last sitting.

Mr. Thos. Heaphy, of Bulstrode-street, the son of the late artist of that name, wrote to the papers in reference to the above narrative, which he contended was incorrect, averring that the Duke had lent his father a sword for the purpose of copying into a portrait, which sword had been mislaid for many years, and was finally (1842) discovered in a shop of miscellaneous curiosities by Mr. H., jun., who immediately purchased it, and returned it to the Duke. He therefore infers that the other sword story must be inaccurate. We have reason to believe, on the other hand, that both stories are correct. It is well known that the Duke gave the use of many matters of this kind to artists at various times, and we believe he sometimes bitterly complained of the careless manner in which they were treated, being not unfrequently damaged, if not mislaid.

By J. Simpson is a whole-length, in military frock-coat; the Duke's hat on the right hand, the left resting on his sword, near which is a cannon, the smoke and flames of the battle-field seen in the distance. Painted for the Junior United Service Club; engraved in mezzotint by Phillips.

By Count D'Orsay: A three-quarter-length, in evening dress, wearing the Star and Ribbon of the Garter, his hat under the left arm, the right hand resting on a table. Engraved in mezzotint by Wagstaff.

A Daguerreotype portrait was taken by M. Claudet on the 1st of May, 1848, which has since been engraved in stipple by Ryall. There are two versions of it; in the larger, the hands have been put in since; the original Daguerreotype and the smaller print showing the bust only. It

represents the Duke sitting in ordinary dress, with a white waistcoat; three-quarter face, stooping a little, and with a bland expression. There is no question about the likeness; nevertheless, the Duke, when he was shown this print, was not altogether pleased at it. He looked at it for a moment, shook his head, and, with a half smile and half frown of recognition, muttered, "Very old! hum!" and turned away in thought.

H. Weigall, junior, in the course of the present year, painted a miniature from the life. It represents his Grace standing in profile, in evening dress, with orders and a glove in his hand; the latter "not historically correct," as remarked by the Duke to the artist at the time; his observation being, "there is one thing in it that is not historically correct—you have put a glove in my hand; I never wear gloves. However, it is of no consequence; I don't want it altered; I ought to wear them." The miniature has been engraved by S. W. Reynolds.

Shortly before his last departure from town for Walmer, August 26, the Duke gave to Mr. J. W. Glass several sittings for his portrait; induced to depart from the resolution which he had formed not to sit again, through the mediation of the Hon. Abbott Lawrence, the late American Minister to the Court of St. James's, and who is a personal friend of the artist. The result of the sittings is a picture, representing the Duke on horseback, in his every-day costume, which has been engraved.

In a future article we shall give some account of other Memorials of the Duke, including Historical and Family Pictures, in which his portrait is introduced.



LAST MOMENTS OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

WHEN the Duke had been suffering some hours, and it was evident that the last sad scene was approaching, Lady Charles Wellesley was led into the room. Overcome with emotion, she fell on her knees, and, after a little while, was led out by Lord Charles. Shortly afterwards, the Duke breathed his last. Around the form of the hero his attendants had

wrapped a blanket, and placed a pillow on his knees. The persons present at the moment, selected by the Artist for this historical picture, were Lord and Lady Charles Wellesley, Dr. M'Arthur, Mr. Hulke (the apothecary), and his son; Mr. Kendal, the valet; and the butler: the accuracy of the portraits having been greatly assisted by the Daguerreotype.

SOLEMN INTERMENT OF GEORGE MONK, DUKE OF ALBEMARLE.

An ancient servitor emerged from a great house in Whitehall, one inclement morning in the month of January, 1670. His weather-beaten face wore an expression of deep concern, and traces of tears were upon his cheek. He stopped at the Guard-room, where the Coldstreams were on duty, and, touching his hat to an officer to whom he appeared to be known, said, "The Lord-General is dead, sir!" The ill news was soon whispered about among the private soldiers, and every face was saddened.

Universally popular among the army, who would follow "Old George" anywhere, the Coldstreams were especially proud of his fame. They were the Duke's own regiment, and knew they had immortalized themselves by that memorable march under their great General from Coldstream, which changed the destinies of England, and inaugurated the Restoration. Messengers were now seen coming from the "Cockpit," charged with communicating the news of the Duke's death to Charles II., the Duke of York, and Lord Arlington, principal Secretary of State. The event had been for some time anticipated; but now that it had happened, almost every one in that profligate and licentious Court breathed more freely. The King knew that Monk was blamed by the common people for having restored monarchy without conditions and guarantees. If ever a subject had a right to tender counsel to his Sovereign, it was Monk. Yet Charles had no more humble and submissive subject. Very rarely did Monk presume to give advice: when he did, it was coldly received, and rarely followed. The infamous Cabal Administration, and the minions of the Court, had sold themselves to France. They wanted not the sword of the once renowned Parliamentary General, when the army of Louis XIV. could be obtained to defend the King against revolt or disaffection on the part of his subjects. But, among the common people, very different sentiments prevailed. As the news spread eastward, groups of people bewailed the death of Monk as a national calamity. The merchants and traders of the City felt as if the prop and mainstay of the empire were shattered: they knew the confusion which prevailed in the national finances, the speculation and waste in every department of the public service. The nation was visibly drifting to anarchy and ruin, and now that Monk was gone, there seemed no human hand powerful to save.

Perhaps the King had some compunctious visitings of conscience, when he remembered the vast services that Monk had rendered him, and the profound melancholy which had seized upon the great General during the latter years of his life. "It will never do to seem ungrateful," said the King; "let us give the Duke a great funeral." So Arlington has instructions to announce his Majesty's resolve "to pay all the honours and respects imaginable to the memory of the Lord General deceased." Garter King-at-Arms was immediately ordered to prepare a programme, and heralds and pursuivants were soon as busily engaged as they are now in searching musty records, collecting precedents, and arranging for the due observance of heraldic proprieties. They made such quick dispatch, that Garter and some of his officers, within five days from the Duke's death, submitted several programmes to the King and his Council, one whereof being chosen and approved, instructions were given to prepare three rooms in Somerset House (which stood upon the site of the present building), wherein the body might lie in state.

The remains of Monk lay in state for three weeks in Somerset House, where they were visited by thousands. The spectators first passed through two rooms hung with black cloth, and adorned with escutcheons—the gloom of these apartments fitly preparing them for the impressive magnificence of the chamber containing the Duke's remains. This chamber was hung with black velvet, and brilliantly illuminated by wax tapers. A bed of state, of black velvet, contained the coffin, which was covered with a heavy pall of black velvet. Upon the coffin was placed a full-length effigy of the Duke, coloured to the life, which the severer taste of the nineteenth century would condemn anywhere but at Madame Tussaud's bazaar. The effigy was attired in complete azure armour, profusely studded with gilt nails. The ducal coronet, of gold and crimson velvet, and cap turned up with ermine were upon his head. His body was invested in a magnificent ducal robe of crimson velvet, with ermine round the shoulders. This ducal robe was thrown open, so as to show the armour, the collar, and George of the Garter, which hung round his neck; a broad crimson scarf, fringed with gold, was about his waist, a gilt bâton in his right hand; on his left side his sword, and upon his left leg a garter of blue velvet, the buckles and letters of gold. Under the head was a large cushion of crimson velvet, with fringe and tassels of gold. These rich and gorgeous colours stood out in dazzling contrast to the sombre adornments of the apartment. At the foot of the bed was a table with a cover of black velvet, upon which were placed the coat of arms, sword, target, helm, crest, gauntlets, and spurs, which were all to be borne in the funeral procession, by the heralds and kings-at-arms. About five feet distant from the bed was a rail covered with black velvet, attached to which, at the sides, stood the bannerols, three banners, and a guidon, and at the foot, the standard and great banner—all indispensable at a public interment. Between the standard and great banner hung a chandelier containing wax tapers. The tapers, which shed a soft, but rich light over this chamber of mourning, were kept constantly burning for three weeks, during which time, on every day except Sunday, the public were admitted. Forty gentlemen in mourning, all officers except five, gave their attendance, twenty upon a day. Four were in attendance in the first room, six in the second, and ten in the chamber where the body lay in state.

The Duke died on the 3d of January, 1670: the funeral did not take place until nearly four months afterwards, namely, on the 30th of April. The procession took the way along the Strand, and down Whitehall, to Westminster Abbey. The way was lined by the Middlesex Train Bands, who kept the passage free for the funeral cortège. Before eleven in the morning the carriages of the nobility and gentry assembled at Somerset House; but it was two in the afternoon before the Duke of York's Foot Guards, which led the procession, were seen coming towards Charing-cross. The trumpets sounded a funeral dirge. The officers of all the troops on duty wore mourning scarves; and the trumpet-banners and kettle-drums were covered with black stuff. After the Duke of York's regiment came his Majesty's troop of Horse Guards, commanded by the Duke of Monmouth in person. After them marched his Majesty's regiment of Foot Guards, commanded by Colonel John Russell—*clarum et venerabile nomen*. Then followed various divisions of pikes and musketeers, and after them Monk's own regiment of Coldstreams, with their colours furled and wrapped in crape, and their drums covered with black baize. They marched with arms reversed, and with them ended the military cortège. What may be termed the civil portion of the procession then commenced, with seventy-four poor men, in long black gowns, who walked two and two. After them followed a long array of drums, trumpets, pursuivants, and banners, with here and there a mourning horse, heavily caparisoned with black cloth. There is a goodly array of Barons, Bishops, and Earls, who walk two and two. The noblemen, with their long and shapeless coats, round hats, perukes, and half-boots with rosettes, look as if they had stepped out of some old Dutch print. The picturesque dress of Charles I.'s reign has gone out with the chivalry of the Cavaliers, and French and Dutch innovations have scarcely left a trace of the splendid costume of Vandyke. The odious perriwig, with its long

flowing curls, is surmounted by a low-crowned, small round hat, not unlike that worn by the beef-eaters of Queen Elizabeth's reign. The doublet had been gradually elongated until it reaches the middle of the thigh, and has, in fact, become a long and very ugly coat, profusely decorated with buttons and button-holes all the way down the front. The coat-sleeves come no lower than the elbows, where the white sleeves of the shirt budge out; they are ruffed at the wrist, and are adorned with rows and bunches of black ribbon. These white sleeves of the shirt and the lace cravat somewhat relieve the sombre black of the other portions of the apparel. The petticoat breeches, tied at the knee, are scarcely visible under the long coat. Each nobleman and gentleman wears a cravat of Brussels lace, tied in a knot under his chin, the ends hanging down square. A rich baldric is worn sashwise over the right shoulder, outside the coat, and to this is suspended a sword, which is universally worn, not only by persons of quality, but also by their servants.

The great banner of England, which it is ever considered a great honour to bear upon state occasions, was entrusted to Sir James Smith, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Duke's regiment. After him came the chief mourning horse, richly caparisoned with black velvet, and upon its head a nodding plume. Then came the heralds, who wore their tabards, richly emblazoned with gold upon scarlet, over their black mourning gowns. They wore black hoods, as did the chief mourner, the Lords assistants, and all the official personages present. After the heralds and kings-at-arms, followed the funeral car, surmounted by the effigy, attired as before described. Five esquires carrying bannerols marched on each side of the coffin. The pall, of black velvet, was borne by Lord Newport, Lord Gerard, Lord Ashley, and Sir Thomas Clifford, treasurer of the household. Over the car was a rich black canopy, surmounted by waving plumes. The armour of the effigy, the ducal robe of crimson velvet, the gold and ermine of the ducal coronet, and the gay colours of the bannerols relieved the sombre colours of the pall and canopy, and the deep mourning apparel of all those who took part in the ceremony. The young Duke of Albemarle, the deceased's son, was the chief mourner. He was supported by the Duke of Richmond and the Duke of Ormond, Lord Steward. After these, followed the Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Sandwich, the Earl of Carlisle, the Earl of Arlington, and six other Peers of distinction, who were called Lords-assistants to the chief mourner. A cream-coloured horse of honour, or horse of state, unlike the mourning horses, was gorgeously caparisoned with crimson velvet, embroidered and embossed with gold and silver. Proudly the noble steed bore himself in his glittering array, and many were the exclamations of admiration as he passed. After the horse of honour came his Majesty's troop of Horse Guards, commanded by Sir Philip Howard, knight (brother to the Earl of Carlisle), and three squadrons of horse closed the cortège.

As the procession moved down the Strand, the grief of the vast assemblage in the streets was evinced by tokens that left no doubt of its sincerity. The truest mourners were not the courtiers who filled the most conspicuous places in the pageant, but the honest people who stood behind the train bands, and filled the windows and tops of the houses along the line of route. It was the fashion at the witty and facetious court of Charles II. to flout the old Duke, and to make especial sport of the Duchess, "ever a plain, homely dowdy." One of Pepy's gossips, who knew the King's Ministers well, spoke to him contemptuously of the Duke of Albemarle. "The only quality eminent in him is that he did persevere," and then the twofold up their hands in astonishment as they agree that "he is indeed a very drudge, and stands by the King's business." And then Samuel Pepy's Court gossip adds, "that the Duke never would receive an excuse if the thing were not done, listening to no reason for it, be it good or bad." But these qualities, which made Monk appear impracticable and ridiculous at Whitehall, increased his reputation with the nation. The people could not forget that when, five years before, London was one great charnel-house, and the King and Court fled from the indescribable terrors of the Great Plague, Monk remained, looked Death coolly in the face in his most pestilential haunts, and displayed a lofty heroism that eclipsed all the glories and conquests of the warrior. Charged by the King with the government of the City, the inhabitants remembered that he had maintained order, succoured the houseless and destitute, preserved property from pillage, and by the rare example of his unshrinking courage and self-possession had infused hope and confidence into others. A thousand times he had perilled his life to serve his fellow-citizens; and hardly had the Great Plague abated, when Monk was called upon to encounter danger upon another element. The Dutch, with a cloud of vessels, threatened our coast, and there was no Englishman, save Monk, capable of sustaining the national honour. A modern Commander-in-Chief would receive with astonishment a summons to leave the Horse Guards, and put to sea in command of the Channel Fleet; but Monk, devoted to his duty, obeyed without repining. The sailors of the Royal Navy, among whom great discontent existed in consequence of the abuses and maladministration of the Victualling Department and Navy Pay-office, came to offer themselves in crowds as soon as they heard that Monk, "with his calm and indefatigable activity," was superintending the preparations for a cruise. "For," said they, "we are sure honest George will see us well fed and justly paid."

The fleet put to sea, and Monk, at first alone, and then in conjunction with Prince Rupert, sustained with the Dutch the most furious actions in which either nation had ever been engaged; while the King and Court were quaking with fear for the result. During Monk's absence, there broke out the terrible Fire of London, which reduced the city to ashes. Some of those who were now gazing upon the effigy of the dead, must have remembered that when the panic was at its height, and when the multitude burst forth in accusations and reproaches against the Government for their want of vigour and their incapacity, the exclamation was heard, "Ah! if Old George had been here, the city would not have been burnt." "Old George" returned; but the very next year he was required to put himself at the head of a few companies, and hasten to Chatham, where the Dutch had made a descent and burnt nineteen ships. A nation which, in the space of three short years had suffered such terrible visitations and panics, could ill afford to lose the great General, who, unmindful of the witticisms and ingratitude of a venal Court, "stood by the King's business," and was never unmindful of the greatness and glory of England. A few stern Republicans, here and there, muttered reproaches upon his memory for his double-dealing with the *Rump*, and for restoring the King without limitations and conditions. But Charles was marching so stealthily towards arbitrary power, that the Republican faction might well doubt whether any limitations of the Royal prerogative would not have been long since set at naught and evaded. And Monk had, by his conduct during the Great Plague and his gallantry against the Dutch, regained the popularity which he had to some extent forfeited by disposing of a throne and people without providing securities against future misgovernment.

Let us join a group of persons of quality who are watching the procession from a window in Whitehall. The Duke of Monmouth, the natural son of Charles II., looks up to them with a gay and confident air as he marches at the head of his two squadrons of horse. "His Grace of Monmouth is in high favour with the King," said one gentleman. "They do say," whispered another, with an easy and self-indulgent countenance, in whom we recognise Mr. Samuel Pepys, "that the King is made a child of by Buckingham and Arlington, to the lessening of the Duke of York." "Yes," put in a handsome blonde, who was beginning to show considerable *embonpoint*, "and there are rumours in the City of the Duke of Monmouth being made Prince of Wales."

"Hush, Mrs. Pepys," said her husband, "the Duke of York is our very good friend and patron; and, while some attend only to their pleasures, he is active in public business."

Fifteen years afterwards, this gay and smiling scion of Royalty was to bare his neck upon Tower-hill, to the headsman, and to suffer the penalty of his ill-fated rebellion against this same Duke of York, then James II.

But who is that handsome young ensign, who wears the uniform of the Duke of York's Foot Guards, and who seems to have a glance for every lady of distinction in Whitehall? His eye is expressive and penetrating, and the singular graces of his features and person would furnish the sculptor with a model for the youthful Antinous. It is Ensign John Churchill. As he marches along, surrounded by his young brother ensigns, they observe, with somewhat envious eyes, that he receives many gracious smiles from Court ladies of distinction. His lovely sister, Arabella, was introduced at Court, soon after the Restoration, as Maid of Honour to the Duchess of York; where her charms attracted the notice of the Duke. Her brother was appointed page-of-honour to the Duke. Three or four years before the event we are narrating, being asked by the Duke what profession he would like, the young page threw himself on his knees, and petitioned for a commission in the Duke's regiment. In a few months he will gain his first laurels in the defence of Tangiers against the Moors. In a couple of years Turenne will speak of him as "my handsome Englishman," and will predict that he will become a master in the science of war. He will afterwards contribute to the suppression of Monmouth's insane rebellion. Future Victor of Blenheim and Ramillies, his military fame will entirely eclipse that of the Lord General whose funeral cortège we are beholding. Half a century will elapse before similar national honours are paid to one of England's sons. A funeral procession will then be passing down Whitehall, with a display of military parade and regal pomp, which the scene now passing before us, imposing as it is, will scarcely equal. The handsome young ensign will have become the most distinguished warrior and statesman of his country and time, and Westminster Abbey will again open its portals to receive the venerated remains of the Great Duke of Marlborough.

At present this brilliant horoscope has not been cast, and young Churchill's only hope of advancement is in his good sword, and his sister's influence with the Duke and Duchess of York. She is among that bevy of Court ladies in deep mourning in the balcony opposite to Mr. Pepys, who is surveying their charms with the eye of a respectful connoisseur. "I wonder not that my master the Duke admires Mistress Arabella Churchill," said he; "but, comely as she is—and she comes of a handsome race—that lady standing by her side, Mistress Frances Jennings, is, to my mind, the loveliest of her sex." "The young woman is well enough," curtly rejoined Mrs. Pepys, who did not seem to approve of her husband's raptures; "but who is that sweet little girl by her side? She hardly seems ten years of age; and yet how her eyes sparkled with pleasure when young Ensign Churchill nodded to the balcony. I warrant me, she will turn the heads of some of our gallants after a while." "The child is, as I think," said a lady standing next to Mrs. Pepys, "the sister of Frances Jennings. She is, in a year or two, to be placed about the person of the Duchess, for the young Princess Anne hath mightily taken to her, and they are fast friends and play-mates already." This beautiful child is to become the bride of John Churchill when she is scarcely sixteen; and to her ascendancy over Queen Anne he is afterwards to owe the command of our armies on the Continent, and the opportunity of entering upon a course of glorious achievement, which, "since the days of Henry V., had never been equalled, and which was never surpassed by a British commander, until the time of WELLINGTON."

As the ponderous funeral-car rolls on with its splendid effigy, the people lift their hats and stand bare-headed. "None so poor but do him reverence." Next to the car all eyes are turned to the young Duke of Albemarle, the only son and heir of the deceased Duke. He is clad in a black hood and mourning-cloak, the train of which is borne by Sir Francis Leake. There are some who look at his youthful form who well remember that, when General Monk had veiled his design of restoring the King, and was earning his title to wear "*cunctando restituit*" for his motto, they had pestered little Kit, then a boy of six or seven years of age, by questions and presents, to confess that one day his father and mother had talked in bed of the King's return. This speech of the child's sent a dozen courtiers to Brussels to offer lip service to Charles II. Only three days before the old General's death, and in his sick chamber, young Christopher had wedded the youthful grand-daughter of the Duke of Newcastle. The Duke then sang the "*Nunc dimittis*," and prepared himself for death, leaving this cherished son the heir to his vast fortune. But the Dean and Prebendaries are waiting at the great west door of Westminster Abbey, with the words of the Royal Psalmist on their lips: "He heapeth up riches, but cannot tell who shall gather them." If we could foretell the destiny of this young Duke of Albemarle, who now walks so reverently and dejectedly behind the remains of his celebrated sire, we should see him dissipating in a life of utter profligacy the immense fortune which his father left him, and dying childless, eighteen years after his father's funeral, in a distant dependency of the British Crown, of which he was Governor.

As to the witty and unprincipled courtiers who bear the pall, and figure as Lords-assistants to the chief mourner, it is difficult to speak of them in the measured and dignified tone of history. Almost all are pensioners of a foreign Prince, and are abetting the King in his design to possess himself of arbitrary power. They are regarded with the deepest aversion by the populace—for popular instinct not seldom outruns the publication of confidential letters and despatches, and suspects the treachery, the absolute proofs of which are reserved for posterity. Clifford and Ashley, two of the pall-bearers, are members of the infamous Cabal Administration. So is Lord Arlington, who follows in the train of the Lords-assistants. Clifford and Arlington have leagued themselves with the King and the Duke of York in that infamous secret treaty with France, in which the King declares himself to be a Catholic, and stipulates with Louis XIV. for a supply of money and ships, to facilitate the prosecution of his design of re-establishing Popery as the national faith. If the mob assembled at Charing-cross knew that within three weeks from this day Clifford and Arlington would repair to Dover, accompanied by the Monarch, and would there sign the secret treaty which pledges the King to this desperate and wicked enterprise, they would tear them limb from limb.

The procession has reached Westminster Abbey. The poor men in gowns open to the right and left to let the mourners enter the Abbey. The first who enter there are the servants to the nobility, who, also opening to the right and left, form a line which extends from the great west door to the choir. The effigy is taken out of the car and placed upon a bier, which, being borne into the Abbey, is there received under a black canopy. The Dean and Prebendaries in their copes, and the choir in their surplices, here commence the funeral service, and the effigy is borne to a ducal hearse of magnificent height and proportions, situated under the cross of the Abbey, between the choir and the steps going up to the altar. This hearse, or colossal canopy, is the design of Dr., afterwards Sir Christopher Wren, now Surveyor of Works, who has been commanded, by warrant from the Lord Chamberlain, to prepare a frame of timber for the purpose. Dr. Wren has been sadly perplexed by visions of the magnificent dome of a new cathedral of St. Paul's, which has taken rooted possession of his brain, and which obstinately came between his eyes and the paper on which he essayed to sketch the design for Monk's funeral hearse. He has just drawn up a plan, too, for



DR MS, PIPE, ETC.

TRUMPETS.

BLUEMANTLE.

THE STANDARD.

ESQUIRES.

PORTCULLIS.

THE GUIDON.

PEERS' SONS.

ROUGE CROIX. BANNER OF BEAUCHAMP.



GREAT OFFICERS TO HIS GRACE.

BARONS.

BISHOPS.

EARLS.

SERGEANT
TAUMPET.YORK
HERALD.

GREAT BANNER.

CHIEF MOURNING-HORSE.

SPURS.

GAUNTLETS.

HELMET.

SHIELD.

SWORD.

SURCOAT.



THE BODY.

GABIER.

CHIEF MOURNER AND SUPPORTERS.

PART OF THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF GENERAL MONK, DUKE OF ALBEMARLE, IN 1670.



FUNERAL OF ADMIRAL LORD NELSON IN 1806.

the restoration of the City, the leading features of which are a broad street running from Aldgate to Temple-bar; a large square for the reception of St. Paul's Cathedral, and a range of handsome quays along the river. In his leisure hours at this time, too, he is designing the Monument and the beautiful spire of St. Mary-le-Bow, in Cheapside; so that, altogether, he has work on hand for a dozen architects. But the Lord Chamberlain's order was imperative, and Wren's hereditary predilections were too strongly on the side of royalty to suffer him to neglect an opportunity to do honour to the memory of the Restorer of Charles II. He has acquitted himself so well, that the hearse, now that the effigy has been placed upon it, and surrounded by the banners and bannerols, is a striking and most conspicuous object in the old Abbey. It is supported by four great pillars, one at each corner, and each twenty feet high, and rises in the centre in the shape of a dome, upon the summit of which is a ducal coronet, two feet in diameter. The height of this coronet is thirty feet from the pavement. Upon the top of each of the four great pillars are placed the crests and supporters of the Duke. The canopy is doubly valanced and fringed, and the whole hearse is hung with black velvet, garnished with embossed compartments of the Duke's arms, and embellished with crests, coronets, and scrolls, conspicuous among which are two mottoes, "Fortiter, fideliter, feliciter," and "Cunctando restituit." The table upon which the effigy lay stands upon a haut pas, six inches above the pavement. The hearse is fourteen feet long, and the breadth eleven feet; it is floored with black cloth, and surrounded by two spaces, raised off. The rail next to the hearse is twenty-three feet long, twenty feet broad, and three feet high. Within it sits the chief mourner on a great Gothic chair of black velvet, and his two supporters and ten assistants sit around him on stools of black velvet. The outermost rail is thirty feet long, twenty-seven feet broad, and three feet high; and within it forms, covered with black baize, are placed, upon which sit the officers of arms; the rest of the mourners being decently disposed around.

Then the Dean of Westminster reads the funeral service, and the Bishop of Salisbury preaches the funeral sermon; after which, the Dean and some of the Prebends go up to the altar, and their await the offerings. The chief mourner then, with much pomp and ceremony, repairs to the altar, where target, sword, crest, spurs, great banner, and bannerols are brought him by the heralds and lords-assistants, one at a time, and are by him handed to Garter King-at-Arms and laid upon the altar. This portion of the ceremony occupies a considerable time; but at length, all being returned to their seats, Garter King-at-Arms, standing upon the highest step of the altar, with his face to the hearse, in a loud and distinct voice, and amid a deep and solemn silence, proclaims the style and title of the deceased, as follows:—

"Thus it hath pleased Almighty God to take out of this transitory life unto his mercy the most high, mighty, and most noble Prince George, late Duke of Albemarle, Earl of Torrington, Baron Monk, of Potheridge, Beauchamp, and Teyes, Captain-General of his Majesty's Forces, Gentleman of his Majesty's Bedchamber, one of the Lords of his Majesty's Most Honourable Privy Council, and a Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter."

The officers of the Duke's household here break their white staves of office at the head of the effigy; and then the sergeant-trumpeter, giving the sign to the trumpets ever the door going into the choir, they immediately sound, as a signal to the military drawn up outside the Abbey; other trumpets outside also take up the notes, and horse and foot immediately fire three volleys, which conclude the ceremony.

The King honoured the obsequies of his great General by a splendid military funeral, but he did not carry his gratitude so far as to raise a monument to his memory. M. Guizot gives Charles the credit of having attended in person the obsequies of Monk; but neither the King nor the Duke of York was present at the ceremony.

Thus closed the grave over the Duke of Albemarle, between whom and the great English Captain of our own day some points of resemblance may be discovered. The circumstances of their death were not dissimilar. Unable to lie down upon his bed, from a difficulty of breathing, Monk, like Wellington, died in his arm-chair, after a short sleep and without noise. He was not curious in his palate, or studious how to gratify it. He was capable of living with very little sleep, and of enduring great fatigue. His stature was of the middle size, and his frame was marked out for strength and action. He had an aversion to physicians. His biographers claim for him many distinctions, but chiefly that in his immortal march from Dalkeith to London, he led two kingdoms in his own triumph—that, after he had restored his Crown to the King, he humbled the pride of his stubborn enemies, the Dutch, in two memorable battles at sea; and that, for ten years, he faithfully assisted in the settlement of the State. Nicolas, a Secretary of State and man of business, used to say "that independently of the Restoration, Monk deserved all the favours his Majesty had showered upon him for the services he had rendered since that time." Like Wellington, his modesty was habitual.

"No man ever performed such great services," say his contemporaries, "who discovered so little inclination to mention them, or hear them mentioned by others." He was taken from his country at a moment when "a conspiracy headed by the King, supported by the Court, the Government, and the whole influence of the State, waited but the proper moment for development to let loose all the horrors of civil war upon the land. Six thousand foreign troops were ready to disembark at Dover, to give weight to the proposed declaration of Catholicism; and Louis was further bound to support his Royal dependant, with all his forces, until the rebellion should be ended." To resist these mighty preparations, England had only a corrupt Parliament and a disunited people. No wonder, then, that the day that saw Monk's remains borne to the tomb, was a day of gloom in the English metropolis. A pillar of the State had fallen! and no man could look into the dark future without dismay.

GRAND STATE FUNERAL OF LORD NELSON.

THE age which has produced two such heroes as Nelson and Wellington, has not degenerated. The Englishman who can stand under the glorious dome of our metropolitan cathedral, and can point out to a foreign guest the tombs and coronets of our two great captains side by side, may well be pardoned if he should feel emotions of patriotic pride at the recollection of their great exploits. The heroic acts of the great Duke are "freshly remembered" by those who are about to assist in his magnificent obsequies. Let those who wish fully to realise the associations which will cluster round St. Paul's next week take up the daring chapter of Nelson's great sea victories. We have done so, and have found something absolutely terrible in his valour, and in the lightning flashes of his genius. In the page which worthily records his dauntless and unsurpassed courage we are reminded of the busts of Jupiter by the old Greek sculptor. You know you are looking at a senseless block of marble, and yet it is impossible to gaze fixedly in the face of the Thunderer without quailing before the dread majesty and the sublime sense of power of those awe-commanding features. The god is there, and although you have not the religion of the sculptor you can hardly gaze unscathed.

No words can express Lord Nelson's invincible and unshaken confidence, that victory awaited him whenever he could bring the combined fleet of France and Spain to battle. In August, 1805, Captain Blackwood arrives in England with news of the combined fleets being blocked up in Cadiz, by Admiral Collingwood. On passing Nelson's villa, at Merton, the captain called to give him the news. On seeing Captain Blackwood, he immediately exclaimed, "I am sure you bring me news of the French and Spanish fleets. Depend upon it, Blackwood, I shall yet give M. Villeneuve a drubbing." In a few days afterwards he finds himself on board the *Victory*, at Portsmouth, ready to put to sea, as Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean fleet. Here he writes:—"You may rely, if it is in the power of man to get at them, it shall be done. I am sure that all my brethren look to that day, as the finish of our anxious cruise. I must think, or render great injustice to those under me, that let the battle be when it may, it will never have been surpassed. I have only to think of destroying our inveterate foe." This is written within a month of Trafalgar. A few days afterwards his consuming anxiety that the enemy should put to sea, and enable him to get at them seemed about to be rewarded. He sat down to write:—"I verily believe (he said), that the country will soon be put to some expense, on my account, either a monument or a new pension and honours. I want, for the sake of my country, that the thing should be done so effectually,

as to have nothing to wish for. It is, as Mr. Pitt knows, *annihilation* that the country wants, and not merely a *splendid victory of twenty-three to thirty-six*—honourable to the parties concerned, but absolutely useless in the extended scale to bring Bonaparte to his marrow-bones." On the 10th of October he writes:—"I rely, my dear Blackwood, that we cannot miss getting hold of them, and I will give them such a shaking as they never yet experienced; at least I will lay down my life in the attempt." He ardently wishes that some of his ships should have been changed for others, whose rate of sailing was better. He never ceases to importune the Admiralty for more frigates, which he calls the "eyes of the fleet." "I own (said he to the First Lord) I long for faster-sailing ships, and, if not three-deckers, two alongside an enemy are better than three-deckers a great way off." On the 19th, Blackwood being stationed off the harbour's mouth, first telegraphed the enemy being at sea. The great Admiral, in a fever of impatience, telegraphs Blackwood: "I rely upon your keeping sight of the enemy." At six, on the morning of the great day of Trafalgar, the 21st October, 1805, Nelson telegraphs for Blackwood to come on board the *Victory*. "So much (says Blackwood) did he think of the possibility of the enemy's escape into Cadiz, that he desired me to employ the frigates as much as I could, to complete the destruction of the enemy, whether at anchor or not; and not to think of saving ships or men, for annihilation to both was his first object, and capture but a secondary one."

Captain Blackwood's memoir will be an immortal passage in our annals:—"During the five hours and a half that I remained on board the *Victory*, in which I was not ten times from his side, he frequently asked me *what I should consider a victory?* the certainty of which he never seemed to doubt; although, from the situation of the land, he questioned the possibility of the subsequent preservation of the prizes. My answer was, that, considering the handsome way in which the battle was offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the proximity of the land, I thought if fourteen ships were captured, it would be a glorious result; to which he always replied, 'I shall not, Blackwood, be satisfied with anything short of twenty.' I was walking with him on the poop, when he said to me, 'I'll now amuse the fleet with a signal;' and he asked me 'if I did not think there was one yet wanting?' I answered that I thought the whole of the fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about, and to vie with each other who should first get nearest to the *Victory* or the *Royal Sovereign* (Collingwood's ship): These words were scarcely uttered, when his last well-known signal was made, 'ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY!' The shout with which it was received throughout the fleet was truly sublime. 'Now,' said Lord Nelson, 'I can do no more. We must trust to the Great Disposer of all events, and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty.' About ten o'clock Lord Nelson's anxiety to close with the enemy became very apparent. He frequently remarked to me that they put a good face on it, but always quickly added, 'I'll give them such a dressing as they never had before.'"

"Britannia's god of war" now wielded his bolts, and was about to launch them in deafening thunder upon his enemy.

While Nelson had infused his own marvellous valour and superhuman confidence into the breast of every officer and seaman in his fleet, every man on board the combined fleet felt a presentiment of approaching triumph. They knew they were in the toils of the hunter. Nelson was styled by the French *Cet Amiral déterminé*. Admiral Villeneuve, on receiving his orders to put to sea, called a council of war, when it had been determined, on knowing that Nelson commanded the British fleet, that they should not leave Cadiz unless they were *one-third stronger* than the British force. Admiral Villeneuve, after he had surrendered, assured Captain Blackwood that on seeing the novel mode of attack intended to be made on the combined fleet, and which, at that moment, he confessed he could not in any way prevent, he called his officers around him, and pointing out the manner in which the first and second in command of the British fleet were each leading his column, he exclaimed—"Nothing but victory can attend such gallant conduct." It is an extraordinary, but well-attested fact, that the enemy did not hoist any colours; at least, not until very late in the action. When the *Victory*, being unable to break the enemy's line without running on board one of their ships, ran into the *Redoubtable*, the crew of the latter ship fired a broadside into the *Victory*; and immediately let down her lower-deck ports, to prevent her from being boarded through them by the *Victory's* crew, nor were they again opened. Contrast this with the cool intrepidity of the officers and men stationed on the lower deck of the *Victory*. When the guns on that deck were run out, their muzzles came in contact with the *Redoubtable's* side, and at every discharge there was reason to fear that the enemy's ship would take fire, and both the *Victory* and the *Téméraire* be involved in her flames. The fireman of each gun stood ready with a bucket full of water; which, as soon as his gun was discharged, he dashed into the French ship through the holes made in her side by the shot. Each gun fired three shots into the *Redoubtable's* hull at each discharge.

No wonder that this ship, which was twice on fire, soon struck to such desperate opponents. On her colours being struck, and as there seemed no possibility of boarding her, from the closing of her ports, some English seamen volunteered to jump overboard, and, by swimming under the bows of the *Redoubtable*, to endeavour to secure the prize! Captain Hardy rightly deemed the lives of such brave fellows more valuable than the possession of a helpless hulk. The *Victory* was not the only ship that ran on board the enemy. No less than five of the French captured ships were engaged so closely, that the muzzles of our lower-deck guns touched those of the enemy. And it was remarked at the time, as an instance of the moral and physical superiority of our seamen, that, in every instance, the Frenchmen immediately lowered their ports, and deserted their guns on that deck; whilst our seamen, on the contrary, were deliberately loading and firing their guns with two, and often with three, round shot, which soon reduced the enemy's ships to a perfect wreck. Facts like these will serve to illustrate and explain the inexpressible pride in our navy which animated the British public when the battle of Trafalgar had, indeed, annihilated the enemy's fleet; and they must also be kept in mind, if we would realise the intense sorrow which hung over Nelson's funeral obsequies, and turned the day of victory into a day of great mourning.

Nelson's remains were brought home in the *Victory*, and landed at Greenwich the day before Christmas-day, 1805. On Sunday morning, the 5th January, 1806, after Divine service, the Painted Hall, where the body lay in state, was opened to the public. The lying in state was continued throughout Monday and Tuesday, but so general was the desire of the public to witness the spectacle, that thousands of persons were unable to obtain admission. If this happened in 1806, we may well doubt whether a longer period ought not to have been allowed to the public to see a similar, mournful spectacle in 1852, when the population of the metropolis has not only enormously increased in the interval, but when railroad facilities will immeasurably swell the crowd with spectators from the provinces. On Wednesday, the procession by water from Greenwich Hospital to Whitehall was conducted with great funeral pomp. The Lord Mayor and the different companies of the city of London accompanied the procession in their state barges, and the river was alive with boats. The weather was remarkably favourable, considering that a violent tempest had arisen during the previous night; and the thousands of spectators who lined the shore on both sides uncovered their heads as the body passed. The procession passed the Tower a little before three, and arrived at Whitehall at a quarter past, the Tower

guns firing at intervals of a minute during its passage up the river. The weather now again became tempestuous, and great fears were entertained that the weather next day would be wet and unfavourable for the great procession to St. Paul's. The streets through which the procession were to pass were covered with gravel in the night, and every preparation was made to add funeral grandeur to the last solemn rites.

The morning of Thursday, the 9th January, gave the promise of a fine day, which was happily realised, the weather being astonishingly favourable for the season.

We have already described the memorable scene exhibited by the interior of St. Paul's during the funeral of Nelson. A few particulars now, relative to the procession out of doors, may not be uninteresting. The military part of the procession commenced with the 92nd Highlanders, whose steady and soldier-like bearing was worthy of the high reputation and eminent bravery of this corps. The Buffs and Scotch Greys followed. The latter regiment never appear in any gathering of their countrymen without exciting admiration; but how immeasurably this feeling would have been increased, if the bystanders could have known that, nine years afterwards, some of those fine-looking men were destined to extort the admiration of Napoleon, and to assist in deciding the fortunes of Waterloo. A detachment of the Horse Artillery closed the military cortege.

Messengers of the College of Arms now ushered in the Civic portion of the procession. Forty-eight pensioners from Greenwich Hospital denoted the short span of life allotted to the illustrious dead. They were clad in mourning cloaks, with badges of Nelson's crest on their shoulders, and carried black staves in their hands. The same number (48) of seamen of the *Victory* followed, with the sad and mournful air and step of men, every one of whom would have laid down his life if Nelson could have been spared to reap the honours and glories of his victory. These brave tars, who appeared in their ordinary dress, except that they wore black neckerchiefs and stockings, with crape hatbands, were regarded with great affection by the vast multitude, for every one knew the prodigies of valour they had performed. Now came Rouge Croix and the guidon, and the colours of the *Victory*, borne by part of the crew. Let us hope that the gallant fellows who offered to take possession of a French man-of-war by swimming under her bows, were among this chosen band—the bravest of the brave. The largest flag was borne by several seamen, who, as the procession now and then came to a stand, unfurled it, and spread it open, in places, to enable the bystanders to see the shot holes in it. It was stained with the blood of its intrepid crew. "See," they cried, "the flag of our brave Admiral, which was never lowered until his death!" Tears responded to the appeal. When these sailors stood upon the steps of St. Paul, to let the procession pass by them, they were recognised by the Duke of Clarence, who burst into tears at the sight of the colours of the far-famed *Victory*. When the Royal brothers were standing together in the choir while the funeral service was being performed, these brave tars, who stood near the communion table, were pointed out by the Duke of Clarence to the Prince of Wales. The Prince hereupon commanded that they should return with the cortege to the central space under the dome. Here room was made for them near the body, and here, among the Princes and nobles of the land, these seamen occupied the most honourable place. When the coffin was lowered into the crypt, and the colours, banners, and bannerols were laid upon it, Nelson's hardy seamen, by a common impulse which they could not withstand, each tore a shred of the largest flag as a memento of their gallant Admiral.

After the colours of the *Victory* there followed the carriages of gentlemen, equires, deputations from the great commercial companies of London, physicians, divines, and then the chaplain and secretary of the deceased, in a mourning coach. Four companies of grenadiers now intervened; and then came sergeants-at-law, knights baronets, barons, viscounts, earls, and dukes. The Archbishop of Canterbury was followed by dukes of the blood Royal; and after them came the Prince of Wales, in a coach of six, and escorted by a detachment of Horse Guards. His Royal Highness, the Heir Apparent, held the post of honour and precedence until he arrived on the east side of Temple-bar, when he gave place to the Lord Mayor, who, on horseback and uncovered, and accompanied by four colonels of the Loyal London Volunteers, in their uniforms, bore the city sword. The great banner, the heralds, and a coach containing the coronet of the deceased followed, and then came the funeral car. Six led horses drew the car, each horse having a nodding ostrich plume upon his head, and caparisoned with black cloth, upon which were coloured escutcheons, containing the coronet and arms of the deceased. The coffin was uncovered by a pall, in order that it might be the better seen by the multitude. The bier upon which the coffin was placed was covered with black velvet, decorated with escutcheons and devices, and a rich gold fringe. The funeral car was designed to represent the bow and stern of the *Victory*, but the wheels of the car sadly marred the effect, and nothing can be said in praise of the design. A figure of Fame, holding an out-stretched wreath, did duty as figure-head. At the stern was the Union Jack. An elevated black canopy, raised upon four pillars, resembling palm-trees, covered the coffin. These pillars were decorated with green laurel leaves. On the side of the canopy was worked, in silver letters, "Palmam qui meruit ferat." The names of Nelson's great battles were seen on various parts of the funeral car. The public taste was not so highly cultivated in those days, and probably criticism would have been voted disloyal and Jacobinical. It is certain, also, that men were possessed by other feelings, and that the intensity of the popular sorrow made them tolerant or heedless of the ugliness of the funeral car.

The Duke of York, then Commander-in-Chief of the Forces, and a brilliant staff, followed the body. Then came Garter King-at-Arms, with his sceptre, in a carriage; and after him, in other carriages, came the Chief Mourner, the venerable Sir P. Parker, Admiral of the Fleet, and one of Nelson's early friends and patrons; he had his two supporters, and six assistant mourners. The banner of emblems separated them from the relations of the deceased, who followed in mourning coaches; and finally the funeral cortege was brought up by officers of the navy and army, according to their respective ranks, the senior nearest the body.

The Highlanders who had been with Abercrombie in Egypt, arriving at St. Paul's a few minutes before one, were drawn up in single line on both sides of the space left for the procession along the nave and under the dome. The distant sounds of solemn music then announced to the multitude within the cathedral that the procession was ascending Ludgate-hill; the trumpets of the cavalry were heard approaching more nearly; and at length the procession entered by the great western door, having passed through the densest multitude ever before known to be collected in the metropolis upon any occasion whatever. The magnificent scene within the cathedral we have already described, and need not repeat. England fitly mourned her departed hero; and Ambition's self could not have chosen a more grandly picturesque resting-place than the centre of that circle of massive pillars under the dome of St. Paul's.

HEROES BURIED IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

The echoes of its vaults are eloquent!
The stones have voices, and the walls do live:
It is the house of memory.—MATRIN.

THROUGH the vista of centuries we can trace in the long-drawn aisles of Old St. Paul's the sumptuous resting-place of many a brave spirit, and the home of many a stately warrior, the splendour of whose deeds paled but in the sunset of chivalry—before

The daring flames peeped in, and saw from far,
The awful beauties of the sacred choir;
But since it was profaned by civil war,
Heaven thought it fit to have it purged by fire.—DRYDEN.

State obsequies were a profitable privilege of the old cathedral. Sumptuously picturesque were these displays, when the choir was hung with black and escutcheons; and the hearers were magnificently adorned with bannerols and other insignia of vain glory. Here stood that of John Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, "on whose monument hung his proper helmet and spear, as also his target covered with horn." In the nave was the tomb of Sir John Beauchamp, Constable of Dover Castle, one of the founders of the Order of the Garter, and a son of the renowned Guy, Earl of Warwick; his effigy, in complete armour, lay on the top, beautifully painted, and sculptured shields decorated the front of the base. In St. Dunstan's Chapel was the tomb of Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, a great benefactor to the cathedral; but better known in history as Edward I.'s able Lieutenant in his Scottish expeditions: he was the last and greatest man of his line; and was the confidential servant and friend of Edward, whom he seems not a little to have resembled in courage, activity, prudence, and every other quality which can adorn a soldier or statesman: his monument bore his cross-legged figure clad in mail

which has been perpetuated by the hand of Hollar:—(Spilbury's *Lincoln's Inn*)—the sides and ends of the tomb were a mass of beautiful decorations, consisting of a great number of figures in niches, with Gothic canopies. In the north aisle was the tomb of Sir Simon Burley, the friend of Edward III. and of the Black Prince, the guardian and tutor of Richard II.: for espousing whose cause the accomplished knight was sent to the scaffold by Thomas Duke of Gloucester, in 1388. In the same aisle, and in the same tomb with Ethelred, it is believed, lay the remains of his grandson, Edward Atheling, the Outlaw, one of the great popular heroes of Saxon England. Between two columns of the choir, near the sumptuous monument of Sir Christopher Hatton, Lord Chancellor, was a tablet to Sir Philip Sidney; and another of the same unpresumptuous description to his father-in-law, Sir Francis Walsingham. The stately appearance of Hatton's monument, ("higher than the host and altar," as Bishop Cerbet describes it,) and the humble nature of Walsingham's and Sidney's, occasioned the following epigram, of which, by-the-bye, old Stow himself was the author: (Cunningham's *London*.)

Philip and Francis have no tomb,
For great Christopher takes all the room.

These, however, were but a few of the memorials which adorned the old cathedral, and storied its walls with the great deeds of England's worthies. All, however, fell amidst the great conflagration of 1666; and from the heap of ruins were picked a few mutilated memorials, which, on the rebuilding of the cathedral, were consigned to the darkness of its crypt.

The nave and aisles of St. Paul's, as left completed by Wren, were naked and blank in their vast expanse: thus they remained for eighty years. Meanwhile, the venerable architect had descended to the grave, beneath his own great work, his fittest monument; for this is an act of beautiful homage which the breathing marble does not uniformly render.

In 1773, an attempt was made to supply some artistic decoration of the cathedral walls. When compared with the interior of St. Peter's, at Rome, which, although simple and severe in its design, glitters with gilding, mosaics, and paintings; or even with that of St. Geneviève, at Paris, which is a splendid monument to the memory of Soufflot, its architect, St. Paul's appears cold and meagre; and there are few persons who do not regret that the munificent offer to adorn the interior with paintings, which was made by certain members of the Royal Academy during the presidency of Sir Joshua Reynolds was not accepted. Six members were named to undertake the task: Reynolds, West, Barry, Cipriani, Dance, and Angelica Kauffman. The Dean and Chapter and the King highly approved of the scheme; but the Archbishop of Canterbury, with the Bishop of London, strongly objected to it, as savouring of Popery, and likely, therefore to produce popular clamour; hence it was abandoned.—(Godwin's *Churches of London*.) Eighteen years later, the introduction of monuments within St. Paul's was proposed as a means of decoration, to which, however, many impediments were offered at first; but, in 1791, on application for leave to erect a statue to the memory of John Howard, a general consent to their introduction, always under the supervision of the council of the Royal Academy, was granted, and many have been erected to the memory of distinguished individuals: they exceed forty in number, and have been for the most part voted by Parliament, in honour of naval and military officers; though there are a few also to authors and artists, and philanthropists. But, in general, while civil eminence had been commemorated in Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's has been made a Pantheon for our heroes. Yet, the effect of the whole is extremely cold;—which induces one to suspect Addison of quiet satire, in *Spectator*, No. 50, where he makes the Indian King suppose St. Paul's to be carved out of a rock.

Howard's statue stands in the alcove formed by the junction of the south aisle with the transept; the three other similar situations, occurring at the junctions, being occupied by statues of Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Sir William Jones. Reynolds is by Flaxman; the three other statues being by Bacon. Howard, with his keys, is often mistaken for St. Peter; and Johnson, with his scroll, for St. Paul. These are men of peace, from whom we step aside to the hero-worship of sculpture in our Pantheon-temple. Under the great arch which separates the choir from the dome area is Flaxman's monument, commemorative of Lord Nelson: his statue, resting the left hand on a cable anchor, is characteristic; the want of the right arm is concealed by the union-jack of England thrown over the shoulder; though the guide will tell you, it is intended for a fur pelisse, the gift of the Grand Signior, during the time of Nelson's service in the Mediterranean. How cruelly these fellows mutilate the poetry of art! Nelson's figure alone is worthy of Flaxman; the pedestal, with its sea-gods, its couched lion, and Britannia directing the attention of two naval scholars to Nelson, is a miserably poor allegory, unredeemed by its style of execution: it has been covered up, save the figure of the hero, in the fittings for the approaching funeral. In a panel above, Bacon has commemorated Captain Duff, who, while commanding the *Mars* at Trafalgar, had his head swept off his shoulders by a cannon-ball, which also killed two sailors who stood behind him. Duff was so beloved by his crew, that there was not a dry eye on board the ship when his death was announced; but this incident has been lost by the sculptor, who, in the old conventional style, has made up an allegory of Britannia bearing laurel to a sarcophagus, decorated with a medallion of the deceased, while a mourning sailor bears the British flag.

Opposite Nelson's monument is a massive group, by Rossi, to the Marquis Cornwallis, who, it will be recollected, in 1796, gave the late Duke of Wellington, when Colonel Wesley, a guarded though complimentary letter of recommendation to Sir John Shore, then Governor-General of India. In the St. Paul's monument, Rossi gives a portrait-statue of Cornwallis upon a truncated column, at the base of which are deities of the Beagareh and Ganges rivers, which are picturesquely characteristic; on the left is a conventional figure of Britannia.

In the north transept, under the western window, is another of Rossi's works—a large and costly group to Lord Rodney; the hero, as usual, upon a pedestal, with the allegory at the base—History listening to Fame "expatiating upon the merits of Rodney;" yet, for this poor work the sculptor received 6000 guineas! Beneath the opposite window, the same artist has executed a monument to Captains Mosse and Riou, who fell in Nelson's attack upon Copenhagen in 1801: the composition is a double sarcophagus, with medallions of the deceased, supported by figures styled Fame and Victory: the artist has left the exploits for the inscription, which records an act of Riou's intrepidity, in the preservation of a ship under his command, not unworthy of remembrance. But this friend of Nelson, this seaman of whom Southey, alluding to his death, says, that, "except it had been Nelson himself, the British navy could not have suffered a severer loss," was something better and higher still. Before the fleet left our shores for Denmark, in 1801, some Danes in Riou's frigate, the *Amazon*, leaving the place of their destination, went to him, and entreated him to get them exchanged into some other ship not included in the proposed expedition. They assured him they had no wish to quit the British service; but begged most earnestly that they might not be sent to fight against their own country. "There was not," says Southey, "in our whole navy a man who had a higher and more chivalrous sense of duty than Riou. Tears came into his eyes while the men were speaking. Without making any reply, he instantly ordered his boat, and did not return to the *Amazon* till he could tell them that their wish was effected." During the tremendous battle of Copenhagen, Riou, whilst endeavouring to obey Sir Hyde Parker's signal of retreat, was exposed to a most murderous fire. Although he had been already wounded in the head, he took his place upon a gun to encourage his men. First, his clerk was killed by his side; then several of the seamen, who were hauling in the main-brace, were swept away. "Come, then, my boys," was Riou's address to the others, "let us all die together." The words had scarcely left his mouth when he fell dead, cut in two by a raking shot.

Under the window, adjoining Rodney's monument, is Gahagan's memorial to Sir Thomas Picton, who, after distinguishing himself at Busaco, Fuentes d'Onor, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Vitoria, the Pyrenees, and Toulouse, fell almost in the arms of victory at Waterloo; yet, a bust is all we see of the hero, who is sacrificed to the allegory of a winged youth (Genius) receiving a wreath of laurel from Victory, for an old soldier (Valour)!

Against the opposite pier is Baily's colossal portrait statue of Earl St. Vincent, with a subordinate bas-relief on the pedestal of History, recording the name of the hero on a pyramid, beside which Victory is weeping.

On the right of the north door, is Hopper's monument to Major-General Sir Andrew Hay, who fell before Bayonne, in 1814; the hero is sinking. On the left, against the great pier, is the younger Bacon's allegorical group to Major General Dundas, in testimony of his eminent services in the reduction of the French West India Islands; yet, a bust is all we see of the hero, crowned by "the Genius of Britain, attended by Sensibility." On the pedestal is a bas-relief of Britannia defending Liberty against Fraud and Rebellion! In the panel above is the Mannings' table monument to Generals Mackenzie and Langworth, who fell at

Talavera in 1809; the composition, a figure of Victory, two youths' wreaths, and a tomb.

On the opposite pier is an abler work, by Banks: Captain Westcott falling at Aboukir; the explosion of *l'Orient* in the bas-relief, and the country indicated by sphynxes and palm trees, and a recumbent figure on the pedestal, copied from an ancient statue of the Nile. This is in a better school. In the panel above is the younger Bacon's memorial to Generals Craufurd and Mackinnon, who fell at Ciudad Rodrigo in 1812; the composition, a Highland soldier and a double tomb, and Victory crowning a stand of colours; "a lion pawing a fallen eagle," is a specimen of allegoric absurdity reduced to the meanest capacity.

The memorial to the Hon. Sir William Ponsonby, in the north transept, is altogether unworthy of association with Waterloo, although the names of two sculptors, Theed and Baily, are inscribed upon it. The hero, by his excess of intrepidity, lost his life: his horse is sinking, whilst his naked figure is pressing forward to receive a wreath of laurel from the hands of Victory. Of a better class is Westmacott's heroic statue of Lord Duncan, placed against the opposite great pier. Chantrey's table monument commemorative of Major-General Bowes at the storming of Salamanca—the steep breach crowded with the enemy, and strewn with the slain, and the General leading his troops on to the charge, and receiving his mortal wound in the moment of victory, denoted by the fallen bearer of the French standard—is an affecting picture of the realities of war; and of high merit, compared with that of Rossi's panel monument to another Salamanca hero, Major-General Le Marchant, where the poor allegorical figures of Spain and Victory, trophies, and a tomb, have been pressed into the sculptor's service. The pair of Trafalgar panel reliefs, by Westmacott and Bacon, to Captains Cooke and Duff, the principal figure in each being Britannia, are of the same conventional class.

One of Chantrey's battle-pieces, the "Cadogan Memorial," in the south-east ambulatory, is truthful in spirit: it shows the dying Colonel Cadogan at Vitoria, borne by his men, with his face still turned towards the enemy, while his bearers, waving their hats, denote the moment of Victory.

Of the better class is Westmacott's large monument, in the south transept, to Sir Ralph Abercrombie, where the humblest free visitor of the cathedral can understand the entire work without the aid of a "Guide." The General has just received his death-wound, and falls into the arms of an attendant soldier; whilst the scene—Egypt—is marked by the sculptor's artistic choice of a Sphinx on each side, as the most characteristic feature of that ancient kingdom; the mind at once acknowledging the propriety of their presence, as a means of marking the scene of the event commemorated.

The same sculptor's monument to Nelson's favourite, the brave and pious Lord Collingwood, in the south transept, is a good specimen of emblematic composition, in which the separate figures are excellent. The body of the hero, shrouded in colours he had won from the enemy, is laid out on the deck of a man-of-war, his hands clasping a sword upon his breast; and, from the prow, Fame kneels over the Admiral's body, while a group of River Gods are looking on. But the chief merit of the composition is the artistic telling of the history of Navigation in the space of three or four feet long by only a few inches broad. The illustration is on the gunwale, in alto-relievo, in five stages: in the first, a boyish form is watching the movements of the nautilus; in the second, he has trusted himself to the frail bark, with a streamer, in imitation of the nautilus; in the third, he has found a rude support for the sail, whilst looking upward to the stars that guide his course; in the fourth, he has the compass in his hands; and the weapons he finds it necessary to forge for defence, in the fifth division. This treatment has been much admired; notwithstanding that many persons regard Collingwood's colossal statue at Newcastle as a better representative of the characteristic simplicity of the truly great naval commander.

Mr. Cunningham, in his excellent "Hand-book," has judiciously divided the monuments in St. Paul's into two classes: monuments to illustrious men, made additionally interesting as fine works of art, and those only interesting from the illustrious persons they are designed to commemorate. We have enumerated the former. Among the latter is the statue of Lord Heathfield, the gallant defender of Gibraltar; the monument to Lord Howe; and that to Sir John Moore, who fell at Corunna; before the latter memorial Marshal Soult stood and wept.

These monuments, it will be seen, have cost the nation a large sum of money, the expenditure of which, it is much to be regretted, deserves to be visited with so much censure, more especially as so little benefit appears to have accrued from the official supervision of the committee of Royal Academicians. Hereafter we hope to see better judgment evinced in the monument to be placed in our great metropolitan Pantheon, in memory of the illustrious hero whose remains will in a few days be placed in its vaults.

The following were the prices paid for the principal monuments, from a Parliamentary Return, dated Feb. 6, 1838:—

1. Lord Rodney	£6300	19. Marquis Cornwallis	£6300
2. General Lord Heathfield	2100	20. Major-General Broughton	1575
3. Earl Howe	6300	21. Lieut-Col Sir Wilk. Lam. Myers	1575
4. Major-General Dundas	3150	22. Major-General Bowes	1575
5. Captain Faulkner, R.N.	4200	23. Major-General Le Marchant	1575
6. Earl St. Vincent	2100	24. Major-General Craufurd and Mackinnon	2100
7. Lord Duncan	5250	25. Major-General Sir Isaac Brock	1575
8. Captain Burgess, R.N.	4200	26. Colonel Cadogan	1575
9. Captain Westcott, R.N.	4200	27. Major-General Hay	1575
10. Captains Mosse and Riou, R.N.	6300	28. Major-Genl. Gore and Skerrett	2100
11. Sir Ralph Abercrombie	6300	29. Major-General Gillespie	1575
12. Lord Nelson	4200	30. Major-General Ross	1575
13. Lord Collingwood	4200	31. Lieut-Gen Sir Thomas Picton	3150
14. Captain Cooke, R.N.	1575	32. Major-General Sir William Ponsonby	3150
15. Captain Duff, R.N.	1575	33. Major-Genl. Pakenham and Gibbs	2100
16. Captain Hardinge, R.N.	1575		
17. Major-Genl. Mackenzie and Langworth	2100		
18. Lieutenant-General Sir John Moore	4200		
		Aggregate amount	£100,800

THE PRINCELY OBSEQUIES OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

BRIGHT mirror of chivalry! Matchless impersonation of "high erected thought, seated in a heart of courtesy!" England's great poet-hero! Two centuries and a half have rolled their course since loving and passionately-grieving friends assembled around thy inanimate dust in Old St. Paul's. A consuming fire has devoured every vestige of the ancient fane. Victoria has ascended the throne of Elizabeth. England has had sons as brave, more renowned captains, greater poets; yet no succeeding age has witnessed in any man the rare combination of mental and personal endowments which made thee the "bright particular star" of a generation of great men. Doer of bravest deeds! thinker of noblest and gentlest thoughts!—

The President
Of nobleness and chivalree,

as thou art styled by Spenser, thy life was indeed "poetry put into action!" Brilliant talents, romantic courage, genius, wit, learning, were never yet in any Englishman united with so earnest and loving a nature.

Sidney, in the words of his "Arcadia," had never desired to make a "perpetual mansion of this poor baiting-place of man's life;" but so premature a termination as we are about to record, of so splendid a career, struck despair and awe into the hearts of his friends and contemporaries, who seemed to imagine that so much genius, virtue, and bodily address should "bear a charmed life." He was appointed Governor of Flushing. Spain and Holland were then at war. The Queen, in 1585, took the Protestants of the Netherlands under her protection, and promised to despatch a military force to their succour. Sir Philip Sidney arrived on the 18th November in that year, and was immediately declared Colonel of the Dutch regiments, and Captain of 200 English foot and 100 cavalry. He was followed by his uncle, the Earl of Leicester, who brought over and commanded a numerous re-inforcement of auxiliary troops. Sidney had gained many successes against the enemy, when, on the 22nd September, 1586, a small detachment of English, to the number of 500 men, encountered a convoy of the enemy, numbering about 3000, who were on their march to relieve Zutphen, an obscure town in Guelderland, situated on the banks of the river Isel. An obstinate and protracted engagement ensued, under the walls of the fortress. Sidney performed prodigies of valour. Early in the battle he had a horse killed under him. Having mounted another, he, with daring intrepidity, rescued Lord Willoughby from the most imminent peril, and gallantly charged the enemy three times in one skirmish. At length he received a musket-shot from the trenches a little above his left knee, which "so brake and rifted the bone,

and so entered the thigh upward, as the bullet could not be found before the body was opened." We are told that an eccentric and chivalrous feeling of emulation, caused by his having met the marshal of the camp only lightly armed, had induced Sir Philip to throw off his cuirasses before going into action, and thus to leave exposed the parts of his frame which they protected, and where the ball took effect.

The anguish of the wound and the loss of blood brought on so much faintness, that Sidney was obliged to leave the field. Gallantry in action was now to assume the new and more difficult phase of heroism of endurance and forgetfulness of self in sympathy for the sufferings of others. The immortal story is simply but nobly told by his attached friend, Lord Brooke. "Passing along by the rear of the army, where his uncle (Leicester), the General, was, and being thirsty with excess of bleeding, he called for some drink, which was presently brought him; but as he was putting the bottle to his mouth he saw a poor soldier carried along who had eaten his last at the same feast, ghastly casting up his eyes at the bottle, which Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his head before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man with these words, 'Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.'"

The gloom in the camp, when it was noised abroad that Sidney had received his death-wound, was universal. The grief of the Earl of Leicester was of the most passionate kind. In a letter to Sir Thomas Heneage, he says—that this man was his greatest comfort, next her Majesty, in all the world; and that if he could buy his life with all he had to his shirt, he would give it. We can believe that the eyes of Elizabeth's accomplished courtier and favourite were brimming with tears as he depicted Sidney's noble and loving nature in the words following:—

"How God will dispose of him," (continues the Earl), "I know not, but fear I must needs greatly to the worst; the blow in so dangerous a place and so great; yet did I never hear of any man that did abide the dressing and setting his bones better than he did, and he was carried afterwards in my barge to Arnheim, and I hear this day he is still of good heart, and comforteth all about him as much as may be. God of his mercy grant him his life. I was abroad that time in the field, giving some order to supply that business which did endure almost two hours in continual fight, and meeting Philip coming upon his horseback not a little to my grief. But I would you had stood by to hear his most loyal speeches to her Majesty; his constant mind to the cause, his loving care over me, and his most resolute determination for death; not a jot appalled for his blow, which is the most grievous that ever I saw with such a bullet; riding so long, a mile and a half upon his horse ere he came to the camp, not ceasing to speak still of her Majesty, being glad if his hurt and death might any way honour her; 'for hers he was while he lived, and God's he was sure to be if he died;' prayed all men to think that the cause was as well her Majesty's as the country's, and not to be discouraged, 'for you have seen such success as may encourage us all, and this my hurt is the ordinance of God by the hap of the war.' Well, I pray God if it be His will save me His life, even as well for her Majesty's service as for my own comfort."

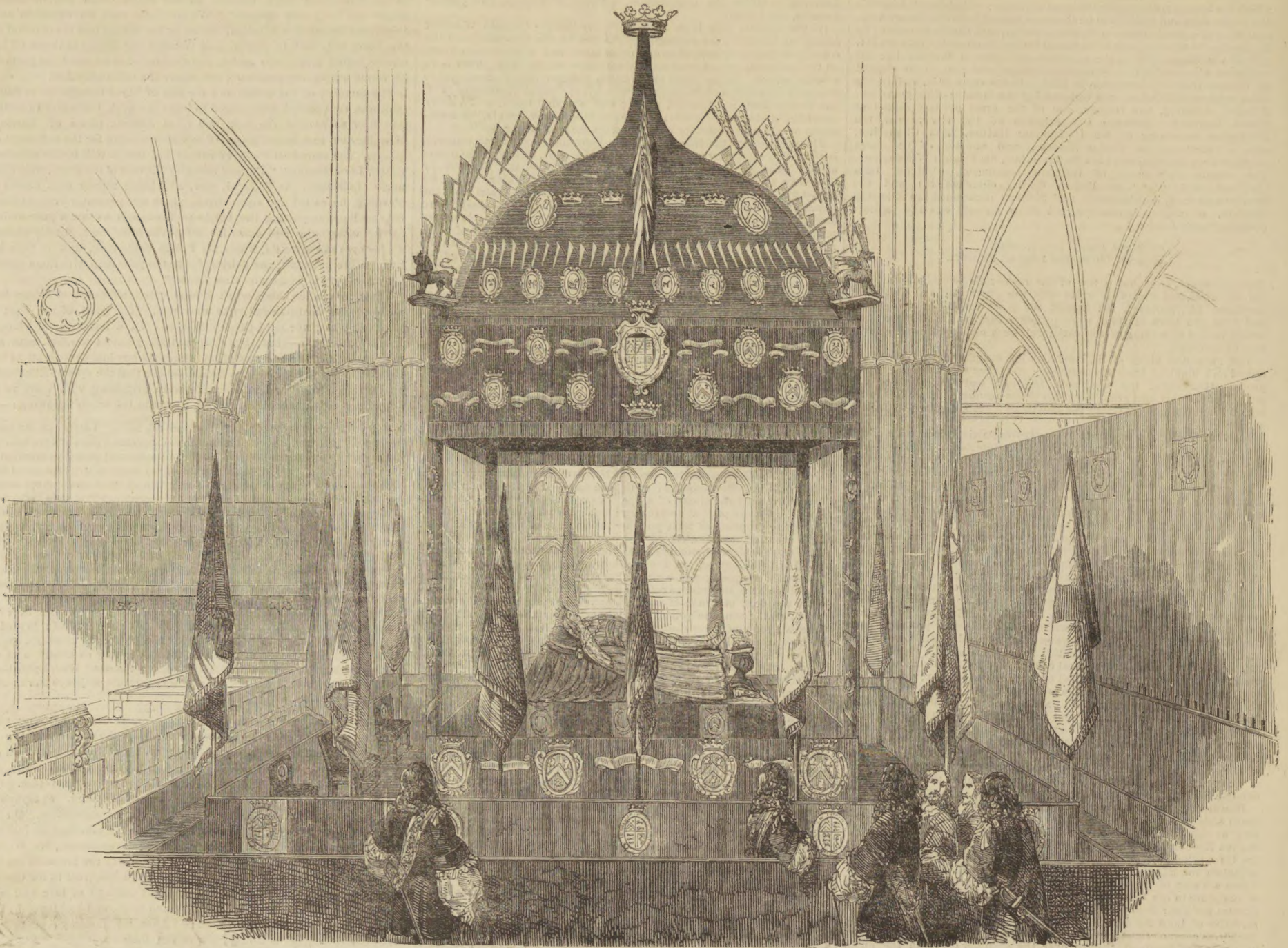
Sidney lingered for sixteen days in severe and unceasing pain, which he endured with the utmost sweetness and composure. We are told that in order to soothe and divert his mind he composed an ode (unhappily lost), which he caused to be set to solemn music. His wife was at his bed side, and nursed him with womanly devotion. The best skill of the surgeons of the camp was unavailing. Symptoms of mortification set in, and Sidney prepared for his dissolution. On the 16th October his gentle spirit took its flight. He breathed his last sigh in the arms of his faithful secretary and bosom companion, Mr. William Temple. The religious sentiment is ever strong in the breast of the true poet; and Sidney resigned his breath with child-like trust in his Creator. His dying address to his brother exhibits his feelings of love and faith, not untinted by sadness; for he had much to do, and had nourished the anticipation of a brilliant future:—"Love my memory; cherish my friends; their faith to me may assure you they are honest. But above all, govern your will and affections by the will and word of your Creator; in me beholding the end of this world with all her vanities."

Thus fell the most accomplished character of our history—the universal idol of his time, the "soldier's, scholar's, courtier's eye, tongue, sword." When the news of his death reached England, from the Queen upon her throne to the meanest subject, the language of lamentation was everywhere heard. The whole kingdom went into mourning, an honour never before paid in England to any subject, however distinguished. It is related that for several months no gentleman of quality ventured to appear in a light-coloured or gaudy dress, either in the resorts of business or fashion. His father-in-law, Sir Francis Walsingham, then principal Secretary of State to Elizabeth, directed that no expense should be spared in his interment, and Queen Elizabeth ordered that the body should be publicly buried in St. Paul's. We have, however, first to trace the honours paid to the departed hero by the gallant nation whom he was seeking to deliver from the chains of religious tyranny and despotism. The subjects of Sidney's late Government would fain have kept his ashes among them. They entreated with the utmost earnestness that his body might be suffered to remain with them, and they offered, should their request be granted, to erect for him "as fair a monument as any Prince had in Christendom, yea though the same should cost half a ton of gold the building." Their request was refused. But if a descendant of these honest Dutch burghers should ask us where Sidney's monument lies, would it be enough to reply that a tablet was erected to his memory in Old St. Paul's, which has not been preserved, and that each successive age has neglected to renew the memorial?

On the 1st of November, 1586, Sidney's remains were brought from his house at Flushing to the sea-side by the English garrison, then 1200 strong. The burghers of the town followed mournfully, and there, under volleys of musketry, and discharges of all the great ordnance upon the walls, the coffin was put on board a pinnace of his own, called in the engravings of the time the "Black Pinnace," since all her sails, tackling, and other furniture were coloured black, and her bulwarks were hung about with black cloth, embroidered with escutcheons of Sir Philip's arms. The *Black Pinnace*, accompanied with divers other ships, arrived in the Thames, and on the 5th of November the body was carried to the Minories ("which is without Aldgate"). Here it remained until the 16th of February following, when the funeral procession, with much pomp and magnificence, wended its way through the chief streets of the city to St. Paul's.

In the British Museum may be found a curious and valuable series of engravings, representing the procession at the obsequies of Sir Philip Sidney. This interesting roll was shown to Horace Walpole, and is mentioned by him as a great curiosity. It was "contrived and invented by Thomas Lant, Gent., servant to the said honourable Knight (Sir P. Sidney), and graven in copper, by Derick or Theodore de Brie, in the city of London, 1587." The engravings depict, with minute accuracy, the personages who compose the procession, and is a valuable contribution to the costume of the period. We learn from this contemporary record that the streets were so thronged with people that the mourners had scarcely room to pass. "The houses, likewise, were as full as they might be, of which great multitude there were few or none that shed not some tears as the corpse passed by them."

The funeral procession was opened by 32 poor men, (the number of his years) clad in black cloaks. Then came fifes and drums playing soft music, and the officers of Foot serving under Sidney in the Low Countries, with ensigns trailed. The officers of his Horse followed, and after them the esquires and knights of Sidney's kindred, and friends. The distinction between the esquires and knights is, that the former wear a small white collar turned down upon their coats, and the latter the stately ruff. All the persons in the procession wear the very high and large hat of the period, with a brim of considerable breadth, bent sometimes in front and sometimes at one side. These hats are alluded to by Stubbs, when describing the head coverings of this reign, as "made of a certain kind of fine hair, which they call beaver hats, of twenty, thirty, and forty shillings a-piece, fetched from beyond sea." A long-waisted jerkin, or jacket, with a narrow skirt, just covered the hips, and close-fitting hose, which came down to the shoe, served the purpose



THE BODY OF MONK, DUKE OF ALBEMARLE, LYING IN STATE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

both of trousers and stockings. The breast-plate worn by the military rises to an edge in the centre, and this salient angle is also imitated in the jerkin, which is ornamented by a row of large buttons down the front. A few gentlemen wear the slashed trunk-hose, which afterwards became so splendid a feature of Court apparel; but as yet it seldom descended below the middle of the thigh. Servants, esquires, knights, and nobles all wear a sword.

Following the knights of his kindred and friends, came Sidney's "horse for the field"—a stout, compact nag, ill-made for a retreat, but of great weight and strength in a charge. It was led by a footman and ridden by a young page, who trailed a broken lance. Further on came Sir Philip's "barbed horse," for state occasions, caparisoned in rich cloth of gold, and upon its back another page, carrying a battle-axe reversed. The five heralds wore, as usual, their richly-embroidered suits of gold lace and crimson over the black cloak. They carried the spurs, crest, &c., which are called in the engraving the hatchment and dignity of his knighthood.

Now came the coffin, covered with a black velvet pall, and borne upon the shoulders of fourteen of his yeomen. The corners of the pall were held by four gentlemen, his "dear, loving friends;" namely, Mr.

Thomas Dudley, Mr. Fulke Greville, Mr. E. Wootton, and Mr. E. Dyer. Four of his near kindred also walked by the side of the coffin, carrying the bannerols, which are always borne at state funerals. They were Mr. Henry Sidney, Mr. E. Packenham, Mr. E. Walsingham, and Mr. W. Sidney. All these wore black hoods and mourning cloaks. The black velvet of coffin and pall was richly emblazoned with the arms of the deceased. His brother, Sir Robert Sidney, followed the body as chief mourner; and here we are reminded of the well-known picture by Gerard, at Penshurst, which represents Philip and Robert Sidney standing side by side, their arms linked together; "the former looking the protector, and the latter the protected, to the very life." The mourners' assistants were four knights and two gentlemen—one his kinsman; the other, his youngest brother, Thomas. Now came the Earls and Barons of his kindred and friends—a grave and dignified band, who ride two and two, on horseback. The first two are the Earl of Huntingdon and the Earl of Leicester, who, of all his friends, most fondly admired his parts and virtues. Leicester's moustache and beard, larger than those of his fellows, are indicated with great accuracy by the engraver. The Earl of Pembroke and the young Earl of Essex also ride side by side. The latter has neither moustache nor beard, and is

almost the only man in the procession whose round and smooth cheek denotes alike youth and delicacy. He afterwards married Sidney's beautiful widow. When Essex perished on the scaffold, in 1600, she embraced the Roman Catholic faith, and married a third husband, Richard de Burgh, the fourth Earl of Clanricarde. Essex was the brother of Sidney's "Stella," the lady whom he has made immortal in his verse. Pembroke, who rides by his side, is the husband of Sidney's sister. For her the "Arcadia" was written; and to her it is dedicated by Sidney, in a fond and fraternal passage. The last of this company of Elizabeth's proudest nobles was brought up by the Baron De Willoughby and the Baron De North. They were all clad in black cloaks, trimmed with velvet collars and edgings, and their horses were caparisoned with black cloth. The seven worthy Hollanders, who represented the seven United Provinces, and who were deputed to testify the respect of the States for his memory by their vicarious presence at his obsequies, followed the nobles, also on horseback. Next followed the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriff of the city of London, and after them the Company of Grocers, of which Sir P. Sidney was free. The Lord Mayor, Sir E. Barnes, was preceded by the sword-bearer, also on horseback, who wears the fur cap of such ancient City tradition. The

Lord Mayor and Aldermen wore purple gowns, and neat flat bonnets and caps, a much more picturesque article of dress than the huge beavers of the rest. The Aldermen were divided into those who were knights and those who were not; all are of right worshipful demeanour, with the grave and reverend aspect suited to the fathers of the City. The Company of Grocers follow on foot in their livery, to the number of 120. They wear caps, long gowns, and ruffs. The rear is brought up by 300 young men of the City, practised to bear arms, who marched three by three, with pikes, ensigns, and halberds trailing on the ground; musketeers and arquebusers walked with arms reversed; and drums and fifes, with a trailed ensign, closed this sad procession. Of the mourners, we are told, every gentleman had a man, every knight two, some noblemen twelve, and others more. There were also present sundry English captains of the Low Countries, with divers other gentlemen who came voluntarily, "and are not in the work expressed." So that the procession on the whole numbered about 700 persons.

The funeral cortege passed through Aldgate and along Cornhill and Cheapside, only stopping now and then to relieve the bearers of the coffin. The great west door of St. Paul's, at which the mourners entered, was kept by some of her Majesty's Guards. Within St. Paul's, a splendid canopy or hearse had been erected, under which the body was placed. The church was hung about with black cloth, and the hearse covered with black velvet, most beautifully adorned with escutcheons of his arms. Two heralds, Windsor and Chester, preserved the choir and hearse for the mourners, whom they placed according to their degree. So when the sermon was ended, the offerings and other ceremonies finished, and the body interred, the soldiers in the churchyard "did by a double volley give unto his life and death a *maria vale!*"



PART OF THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.—THE BODY.

London: Printed and Published at the Office, 198, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex, by WILLIAM LITTLE, 198, Strand, aforesaid.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1852.